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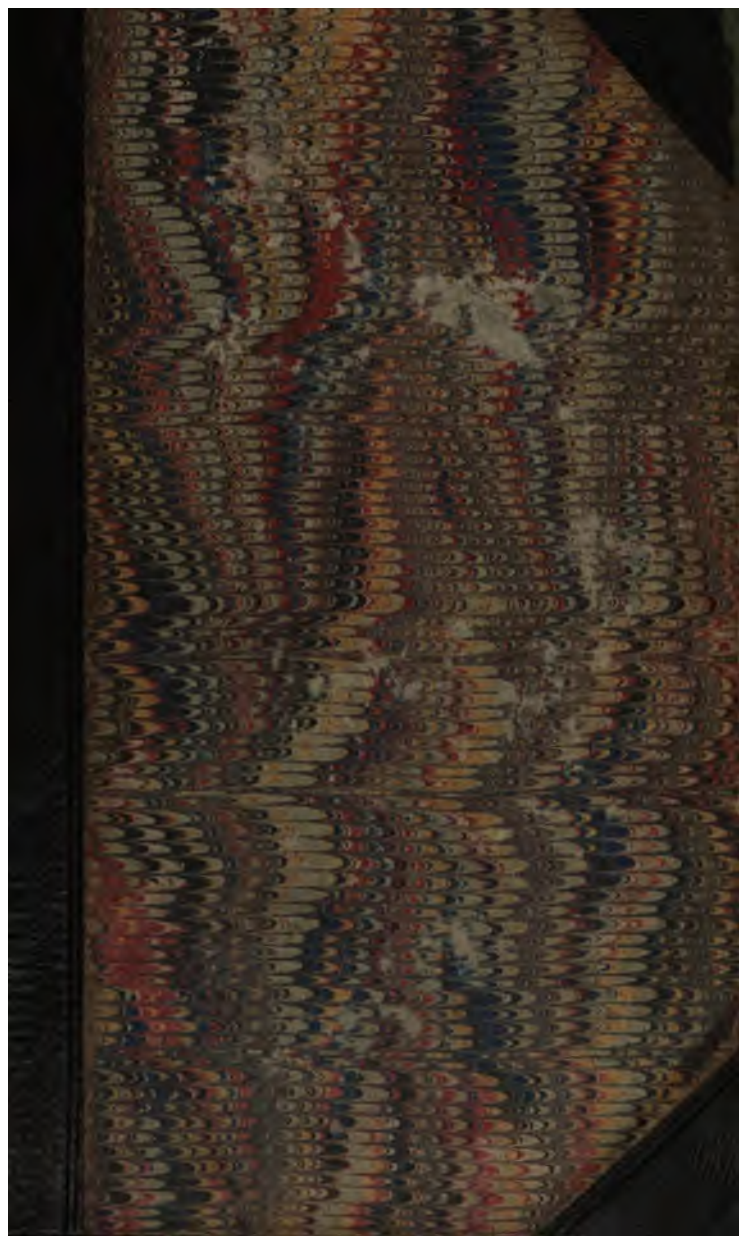
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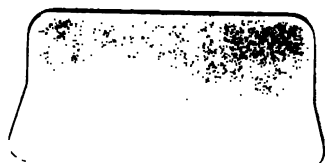
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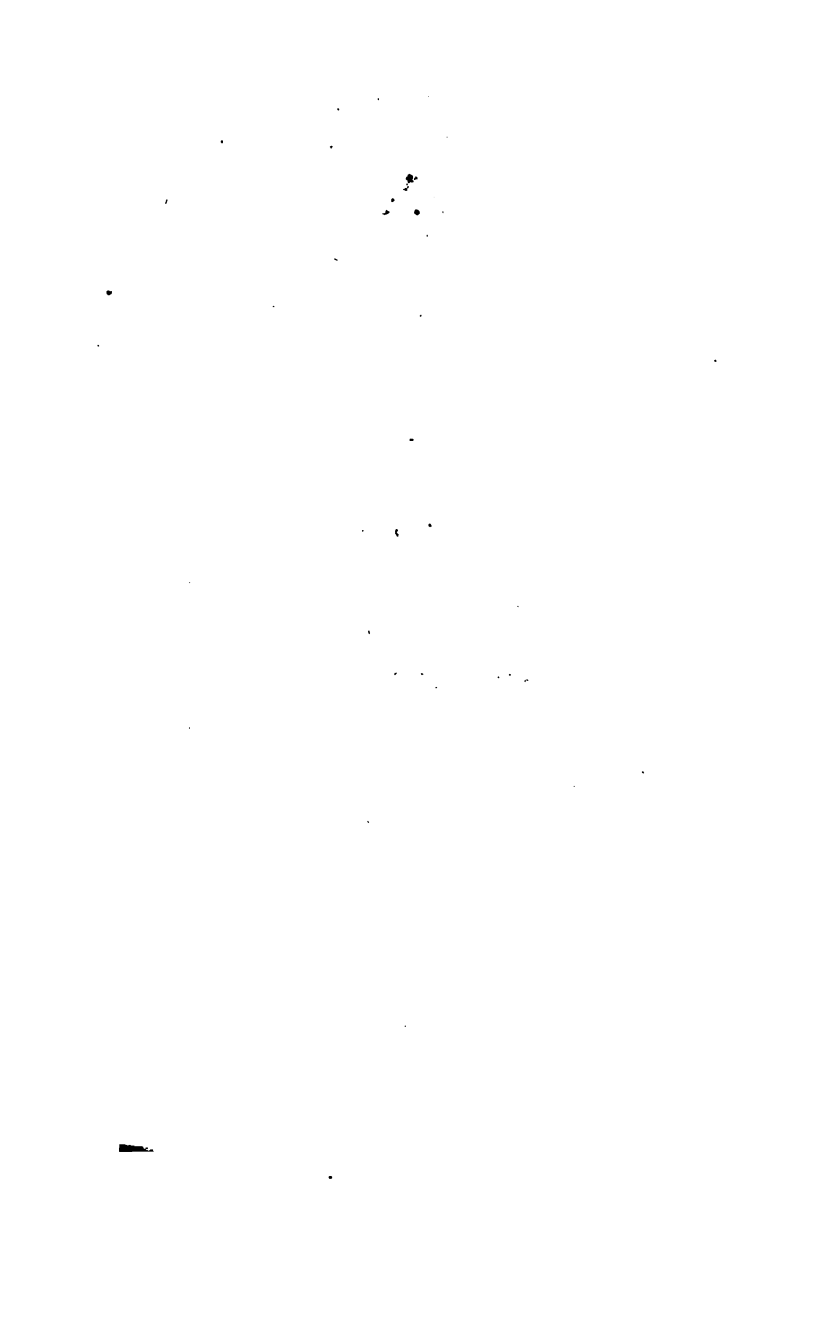
VOL. XII.



THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XII.

SPENSER, VOL. VII.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
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1822.



THE
POEMS

OF

Edmund Spenser.

VOL. VII.

Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1591.

I.

It was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries ;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome ;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, lo ! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is :
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee !
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

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B

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize :
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase :
Golde was the parget ; and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde ;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainesse ! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see :
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour ;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour :
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold ;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold !
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke :
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nymph, that winges of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans.wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame :
There many an auncient trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Trojan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew ;
When lo ! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw :
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone ;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
Noursing two whelpes ; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the
nones :

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm
blood

Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle ;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII.

I saw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight ;
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight :
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the gods owne mansions :
There was she lost ; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in frie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with griessy shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange Beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian
 mew, [thought,
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astoined with this mighty ghoeſt,
An hideous bodie big and ſtrong I ſawe,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging
loaſt,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Poured forth a water, whoſe out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie ſhore afloat,
Whereon the Troyan prince ſpilt Turnus blood;
And at his feet a bitch wolfe ſuck did yeeld
To two young babes: His left the Palme tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield;
And head with Lawrell garniſht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a rivers side a Virgin faire,
 Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,
 And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
 To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
 "Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
 Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
 In which all worlds felicitie had place,
 When gods and men my honour up did raise?
 Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
 The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
 Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
 So many Neroes and Caligulaes
 Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
 Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
 Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
 With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
 A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
 Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
 And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
 Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
 Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
 On everie side a thousand shining beames:
 When sudden dropping of a silver dew
 (O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
 flames;
 That it, which earst so pleasant sent did, yeld,
 Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames ;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long ;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song :
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about ;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphs
away.

XIII.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare :
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare :
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine :
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a Citie like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad ;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

XV.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
I saw Typhœus sister comming neare ;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Over all the world did raise a Trophee hie ;
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize ;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize :
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

THE
VISIONS OF PETRARCH,
FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

1591.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben and white yvorie ;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were :
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire :
With rich treasures this gay ship fraughted was :
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O ! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise ;
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see :
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote ;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine ;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so forthwith in great despight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so hapless plight:
O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake ;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought :
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught ;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure ;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy :
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe ;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis :
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly
features.

DAPHNAÏDA.

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS DOUGLAS
HOWARD, DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOW-
ARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES,
ESQUIER.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY,

HELENA,

MARQUESS OF NORTH HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto
your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme,
for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of
whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and
in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship.
The occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell
the great good fame which I heard of her de-
ceased, as the particular goodwill which I bear
unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover
of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladi-
ship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the
name of them, by many notable records, to be of

great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey : besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes : and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591. Your Honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With grieve of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence ;
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing ;
For even their heavie song would breede delight ;
But here no tunes, save sobs, and grones, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threeds of Destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto ; and let the dreadfull Queene
Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomy evening, when the wearie sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes, now having overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinesse,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainesse and life's wretchedness
That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Iacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne:
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were thrown
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenaunce
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd, Alcyon ! There-withall
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call :
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
“ Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on
ground ? ” —

“ One, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepheard ! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.”

“ Cease, foolish Man ! ” (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
“ To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.”

“ Then be it so,” quoth I, “ that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained ;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.”

“ Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,” quoth he,
“ Nought cares at all what they, that live on
ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to bee ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie ;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

“ Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my grieve,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought ;)
I will to thee this heavie case relate :
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

“ Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe ;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.

" Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene :
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

" And afterwarde I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage
were,
For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

" For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day ;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

“ Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe :
My lovely Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plaine or wood.

“ Oft did the shepheards, which my hap did
 heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envyde,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde
Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

“ Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would have no end ;
But oh ! fond Man ! that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies ;

“ For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
Greddie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart :
My Lyonesse (ah, woe is me !) is gone !

“ Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray;
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.”

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe;
“ Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

“ Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule pos-
sesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesses;
Therefore more plain areade this doubtfull case.”

Then sighing sore, “ Daphne thou knew'st,” quoth
he,
“ She now is dead;” ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremitie;
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much apald; and, lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my selfe, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate ;
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate ;
And, breaking foorth atlast, thus dearnely plained :

I.

“ What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so uniustly doth their iudgements share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse ?

“ If this be right, why did they then create
The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected ?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected ?
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected ;
Yet she in purenesse heaven it self did pas.

“ In purenesse and in all celestiaall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
Living on earth like angell new divinde,
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

“ No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
And, when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament;
For double losse by her hath on them light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

“ Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Pow’rd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

“ She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
Mine, ah ! not mine ; amisse I mine did say :
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made ;
Mine to be his, with him to live for ay .
O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away !

“ She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whilst her braunch faire blossomes forth
did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

II.

“ What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares ?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares ?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart bloud dropping weares,
To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

“ Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

“ Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,
Calling to me (ay me !) this wise bespake ;
‘ Alcyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
Ah ! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne !

‘ I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his souveraine behest ;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment !

‘ Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease ;
Why then should I desire here to remaine !
Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see !

‘ I goe, and long desired have to goe ;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happie quiet to molest ;
But saints and angels in celestiaall thrones
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest ;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of mee,
Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’—
“ So having said, away she softly past :
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make mine under-
song.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
The which my soul first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endlesse care :

“ And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,
In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
I match with that sweete smile and chearful
brow,

Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happie was I when I saw her leade
The shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd !
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd !
And, when she list, advaunce her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

“ But now, ye shepheard Lasses ! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes ?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes ?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance ; but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse :

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells ;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells ;
Let th’ earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th’ ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse ;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruell, mercillesse.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV.

“ My litle Flock, whom earst I lov’d so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell,
And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew ;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of wolves ; ne will I rew
That with your carkasses wild beasts be gluttred.

“ Ne worse to you, my sillie Sheepe ! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse Heavens I doo daylie call ;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry ;
And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

“ The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th’ unrighteous which alive remaine ;
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiplie their paine ;
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

“ Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away ;
For worthie of a better place was she :
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they have so ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe service day by day.

“ For I will walke this wandering pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age :
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do
 raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd ;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

“ And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die ;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

“ So when I have with sorrow satisfyde
Th’ importune Fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th’ Heavens with long languor pacifyde,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me ; for which I daily long ;
And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

V.

“ Henceforoth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade ;
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

“ I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes ;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be ;
I hate the sea, because it teares supplies.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see ;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee ;
I hate all times, because, all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

" I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying ;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares ;
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying ;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares ;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
So all my senses from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and shun all womankind ;
The one, because as I they wretched are ;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their starre :
And life I hate, because it will not last ;
And death I hate, because it life doth marre ;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state,
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

" So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine !
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine !
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VI.

Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

“ To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

“ Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for failltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

“ But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought;
So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne,

“ Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more ;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore :
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore ;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

“ And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my faire starre (that shind on me so bright)
Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

“ But soon as Day doth shew his deawie face,
And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade ;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

“ Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight ;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

“ And ye, fond Men! on Fortunes wheele that
ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th’ only usance
Of a small time, which none ascértaîne may.

“ And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferancee,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

“ And ye, more happie Lovers! which enioy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

“ And, yé faire Damsels ! shepherds deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse ;
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

“ And ye poore Pilgrims ! that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selves in wandering desart wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
Cease, Shepherd ! cease, and end thy undersong.”

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground ;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
I him desyrde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he forth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish Hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS
COME HOME AGAINE.

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

*Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.*

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meannesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

COLIN CLOUTS

COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play :
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him : and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol;) gan thus to him areed.

“ Colin, my lief, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke !
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse !
That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie :
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine :
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine :

The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament :
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, hast made againe alive :
But were it not too painefull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell."

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus ;
" Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet :
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble usurie doth twice renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,
Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure.
Wake then, my pipe ; my sleepeie Muse, awake ;
Till I have told her praises lasting long :
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake ;—
Harke then, ye iolly shepheards, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie :
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

" One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine bore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore :
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit ;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron ; (for well that skill he cond ;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung ; and, when he sung, I piped ;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery ;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, untill we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake :
" And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie ;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

" Nor of my love, nor of my lasse, (quoth he)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell :
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart choose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,

And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his bancks appeare."

"Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to us that lovely lay againe :

The staie whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

"Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepherd told :
No leasing new, nor grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.

"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain
gray

That walls the northside of Armulla dale ;)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old ;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
To travailers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traîne,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre ;
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne :

The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held ;
For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde ;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with iealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent ;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight :
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meet her by the way ;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken
He under ground so closely did convey,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy :
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought ;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name : so deare his love he bought."
Which having said, him Thestylis bespake ;
" Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,

What dittie did that other shepheard sing :
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing."

"That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare :
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong ;
Ah ! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong ?"

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That Marin hight; "Right well he sure did plaine,
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further, Colin, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."
"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see; [full.
Whose grace was great, and bounty most reward-
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell ;
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it :
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare,

Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie."

" And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull ?"

" Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear :
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping
direfull

Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same ;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.
Strange thing ! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboard us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,

And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—

“ If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth
keep ?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe ?”

“ These be the hills, (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed :
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.)
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne :
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porcupiscas together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd ;
Where I will live or die at her beheast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend [shorne,
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be
And fold them up, when they have made an end.

Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serve
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandement at hand."

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde :
Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde :
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe ; by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same the shepherd told me, were the fields
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed ;
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first, to which we nigh approached, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemd to be a goodly pleasant lea :
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare :
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.
" What land is that thou meanst, (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand ?"
" Ah! Cuddy, (then quoth Colin) thous a fon,
That hast not seene least part of natures worke :

Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge
lurke.

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed :
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare :
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies."

" But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one ?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone ?"

" Both heaven and heavenly graces do much
more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse :
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries ;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price :
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use :

For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further, then said Corylas,
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded."
"Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us guyded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came:
Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying; "By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause ad-
vanced."

"The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)

Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng."

" Why? (said Alexis then) what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe?
Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
That they list not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthylye?"
" Ah! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so:
For better shepheards be not under skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful service of faire Cynthia:
And there is Corydon though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,-
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthie of great praise,

Albe he envie at my rustick quill :
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisëis would be redde anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made ?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun :
That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver Poeme can be under sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is
crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpass ;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance :

But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In tragicke plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart :
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now !)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne :
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne :
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill :
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Aetion ;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found :
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.
All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone :
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make :
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.”
“ Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida ;
“ Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia :
But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold

In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

" Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve :
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve ;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie :
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize :
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one :
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said ; " Thrise happie Mayd,
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie :
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace ?"

" They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praise ; but, in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
Whose goodly beames though they be over dight

With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glisten bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts chief garland with all vertues dight.
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Faithful Marian, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia,
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthia's traine:
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrour of feminitie:
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faithful Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her won; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the Nymph delicious.
Ne lesse praiseworthy faithfull Neæra is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunst to that degree.

She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts :
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie :
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie :
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis ;
Phyllis, the faire, the eldest of the three :
The next to her is bountifull Charillis :
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest :
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie :
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired ;

And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands adventure dread;—
 Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praysd diversly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see,
 And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :
 Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
 For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended :
 But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
 Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
 I deeme it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
 Then by discourse them to indignifie.”

So having said, Aglaura him bespake :
 “ Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.”

“ More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
 How to begin, then know how to have donne.
 For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;
 And everie day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.

Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive :
Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine ;
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning sun,
Forth looking through the windowes of the east,
When first the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of franckincence,
Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an angell in all forme and fashion."

" Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie."

" True, (answered he) but her great excellence,
Lifts me above the measure of my might :
That, being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrap't in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth :
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;

And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
 Her name in every tree I will endosse,
 That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow :
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
 The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
 Her name Ile teach in known termes to frame :
 And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
 And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd,
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye heare her memory renewed,
 Be witnesse of her bountie here alive,
 Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake :
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying ; " Why Colin, since thou foundst such
 With Cynthia and all her noble crew ; [grace
 Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew ;
 And back returnedst to this barren soyle,
 Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
 Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle ?
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

" Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
 That may that blessed presence still enioy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy :

But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Eamongst those wretches which I there descryde."

"Shepherd, (said Thestylis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."

"Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
To shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,

By creeping close into his secrecie ;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed tounge furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines ;
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse, to please, it selfe it can applie ;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts :
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away :
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall :
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all ;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.”
“ Ah ! Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame

Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse :
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge :
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore uniuistly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

" Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errors doth pursew ;
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee ;
For all the rest do most-what far amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see :
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse ;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,

Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."

" And is Love then (said Corylas) once known
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our god alone,
And only woond in fields and forests here :"

" Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth ther
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beare
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,

Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that god, that is so greatly dred ;

For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
Borne without syre or couples of one kynd;
For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd :
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the Gardens of Adonis nurst :
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Iove himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie :
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepherds swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
BlaspHEME his powre, or termes unworthie yield."

" Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art posscest.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of Love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldest bee :

So well thou wot'st the myserie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare :
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree ?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water-fire ; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize ; the hungry t' eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie.
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other :
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day :
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway :
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature.
Soone as on them the suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget :
The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove
Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet ;

But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation :
For Beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd ;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares ; and, when he list shew
grace,

Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powfull saw :
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme :
And with chaste heart to honor him alway :
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust :
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will ;
" Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of Love and Beautie ; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,

That doest their cause so mightily defend :
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."

" That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare :
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."

" Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard ;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To use him so that used her so well ;
Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,
For loving not ? for who can love compell ?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine ;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

" Ah ! shepheards, (then said Colin) ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,

Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love :
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve,
And long affliction which I have endured :
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest."—

So, having ended, he from ground did rise ;
And after him uprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND
VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Shepheards, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart;
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart:
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nyce wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

A GENTLE Shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love :
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed ;
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld :
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall :
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast ;
As somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose :
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose,

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name;
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet Woodgod's for them often sighed sore :
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowd the service, of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit :
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements he did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas !)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong :
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
Or rather infelicitie he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since, round about us, it doth make abroad !

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away ;
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
So well he wrought with practise and with paines
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brusht
Wide wounds amongst them many one he made.
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none :)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw ;
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee!
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddein end:
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend!
Whilest none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day,
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away :
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft :
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade. ✓
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste :
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste :
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes :
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes :
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well :
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherds sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepherds all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grieve opprest :
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she* it sung I will rehearse.

* "From this avowal," says Mr. Todd, "I conclude that the following poem was not written by Spenser, but by the

THE

DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve !
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe !
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
For them comes good, from them comes also il,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide what ever they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

sister of Sir Philip, the accomplished Mary Countess of Pembroke, here poetically called *Clarinda*. We have already seen that she was particularly skilled in poetry. All the subsequent poems on the death of Sir Philip are evidently a collection brought together by Spenser."

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace :
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
 The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
 Was Astrophel ; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
 Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre ?
 Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
 Great losse to all that ever him did see,
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee !

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
 Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon :
 The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
 Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on.
 In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
 And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,
 Who ever made such layes of love as hee ?
 Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
 Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.
 Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery maker now alas ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy :
 Both you and me, and all the world he quight
 Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
 Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee !
 Shepheards, hope never like againe to see !

Oh Death ! that hast us of such riches reft,
 Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What is become of him whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone ?
 Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

80 THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace,
By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O! what is now of it become aread.
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with straunge notes, of him well understood,
Lull him a sleep in angelick delight;
Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspécts, appearing plaine,
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love still ioyous, never feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from icalous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
Sweet Spirit never fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament!
Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our owne miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne :
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS*.

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffies tumbling streames : Come, let salt teares
of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly
wound [res.
Which fatall clap hath made ; decreed by higher pow-
The dreery day in which they have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be
found. [wofull end,
Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his

* By Lodowick Bryskett, a friend of Spenser.

And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast up on hie ;
 O help, O help, ye gods, they ghastly gan to crie.
 O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
 And graunt that natures course may measure out his
 age. [fully,

The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fear-
 Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage,
 This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare,
 Who grave with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
 Spake in this wise. " Refrain (quoth he) your teares
 and plaints, [more.

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no
 No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint.
 Of destinie or death: Such is his will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh ; the darkest skies with
 store [flint
 Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they will pre-
 vaile." [to feele

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan
 His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile, [steele,
 With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as
 With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest,
 But humble mynd, he said. " O Lord, if ought this
 fraile [vaunce ;

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
 If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest ;
 If iustice to maintaine that valour I have spent
 Which thou me gav'st ; or if henceforth I might ad-
 vaunce [think best ;

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou
 Forbear these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set ;
 Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast
 In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious blood
 Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,

And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past.
 A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines, which
 were

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
 Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,

Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear
 Plaine outcries, all against the heav'ns that enviously
 Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare.

The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
 his face

For grieve, whereby the earth feared night eternally:
 The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
 their streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace:
 And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie
 gleames,

Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme
 To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard:
 The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
 By dernfull noise; and dogs with howling made man
 deeme

Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteeme
 As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plaine
 Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourning
 cheere,

While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
 Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders
 twaine; [so deere

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
 Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson
 downe [paine,

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands with
 And piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull pheere,

Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy!

What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay?
Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,
When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas, what now is left but grief, that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest!
O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee to have
Enricht with such a Iewell this unhappie age;
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when shall
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy
grave,

My onely treasure, hides the ioyes of my poore hart!
As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall
Me thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone!"
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro:
And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about
her roong.

If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
paine:

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like lark in showre of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend

Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire
eies; [wise.

And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely
Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
Those lights through which his glory and his con-
quests shine. [of gold,

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds
Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.

All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones
so cold. [and mist,

The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine,
Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe;

Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha
shold

Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds untwist.
For Phoebus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
guide. [traine,

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'
aire,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as cam to shoare were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to
slide, [caves,

Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hollow
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans
eye,

Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie.
His Nymphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it
craves) [sport,

With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.

The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving mery layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might
perceive

To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.
And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and
dayes [and mone.

Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints,
But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure
affect,

Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the High Creator reignes;
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happie alwaies
one,

Thou li'vst in blis that earthly passion never staines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now
Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines.

There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that boast
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrus, Hanniball,
Scipio, and Caesar, with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.

All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name!
Whose worthie praise to sing, my Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the same.

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.*.

LYCON—COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?

* The signature to this poem is L. B., that is, Lodowick Bryskett. Mr. Warton's conjecture, that *Lord Brooke* might be the person designed by those initials, cannot, I believe, be supported.

Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
 In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
 With hanging head to shew a heaue cheare,
 What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
 Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
 Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
 Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
 Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
 And testified his grief with flowing teares?
 Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
 Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
 Come, let us ioine our mournfull song with theirs.
 Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
 Thy voice; and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses
 That others farre excell; yet will I force [frame,
 My selfe to answeere thee the best I can,
 And honor my base words with his high name.
 But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
 In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
 To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
 And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
 In these wilde woods; if ever piteous plaint
 We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
 With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
 Instruct me now. Now, Coliu, then goe on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
 O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,
 When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath
 Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
 Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
 And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
 A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there

, 90 A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE UPON THE

Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene ;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun ;
They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
They seeke ; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme !
Why should my toong expresse thee ? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunate ! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort ; of thy onely stay !
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas !) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest ; and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine !
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine !
But (woe is me !) they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,

Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of Dover clifles. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare:
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that couldn wipe
Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts:
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts?
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepherd never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
 That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide:
 Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
 Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to us both hath bred;
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred;
 Behold these flores which on thy grave we strew;
 Which, faded, shew the givers faded state,
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
 Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for ay,
 That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep
 In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
 Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

*Written upon the Death of the Right Honourable SIR PHILLIP
SIDNEY, Knight, Lord Governour of Flushing*.*

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire;
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With love-iuice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And, for the bed of Love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie;
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an ampitheater.

* This poem was written by Matthew Roydon, as we are informed in Nash's Preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, and in *Engl. Parnassus*.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The skiebred Eagle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oake above ;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
The swan that sings, about to dy,
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabie ;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse :
A man or stone, I knew not that ;
No stone ; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end :
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings ;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaiue,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine;
Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse might.

O grieve that liest upon my soule,
As hevie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Upon his lovely cheerfull eie ;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.


A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long ;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine !
O could the stars, that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit !

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love ;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move ;
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this ;
Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.



Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill !
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beantie but a time.

Although thy beantie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He, that hath love and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee ;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by virtue of his inke ;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-livde beantie aye to live.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints ! it is no sinne or blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store :
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beantie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies ;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,)
Such maiestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine.

His word (was slaine!) straightway did move
And natures inward life strings twitch;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annex a phill.

The turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said I tell thee truthe,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death give life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of each kinde,
Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to Iove the case,
What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke ;
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright :
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollor so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH*,

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT :

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have,)
Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name ; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time ;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words ; thy words the seales of truth.

* The author of these epitaphs is not known.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy
fall;
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred
 is al-to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending
 griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never
 meet in one; [cell,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
 him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
 dreames;
Farewell sometimes enioyed, ioy; eclipsed are thy
 beames!
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes
 brings foorth;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds
 of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie as-
 signes;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may
 dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
 farewell!

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes
 not how to kill,
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held so
 good a minde.



PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE

In honour of the double marriage of the two honorable and virtuous ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honorable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquyers.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling
ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, whose sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,

Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale-day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde ;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some ; the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale-day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee ;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ;
So purely white they were,

That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers
their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the cristal flood ;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill ;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme ;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels breede ;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray ;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,

That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they
streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands
bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

" Ye gentle Birdes ! the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement ;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord ;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound
Upon your brydale day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those ioyous Birds did passe along
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame :
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe
ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride ;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case ;

But ah ! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
thunder,
And Hercules two Pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare :
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie !
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queene,

With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of Love they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their brydale day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

AMORETTI, OR SONNETS;

AND

EPITHALAMION.



G. W. SENIOR,

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phoebus face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :
But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steddý steps they keep the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearfull day ;
And few do write, but (ah!) too soon may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
That do, for Poesie, challenge chiefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall read.



AH! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays ;
Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroicke deeds of past or present days ;

Or whether, in thy lovely Mistresse praise
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill;
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever ioy their fill!
O! therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed:
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. Jun.

AMORETTI.

SONNET I.

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long lacked food, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought! whom at the first I bred
Of th'inward bale of my love-pined hart;
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest Proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
And, with meek humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish:
If not, die soone; and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse raysed;
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestially hew.
So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight :
 And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright :
 And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
 bower,

Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
 And warns the Earth with divers colord flowre
 To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
 Then you, faire flowre ! in whom fresh youth doth
 raine,

Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I doo most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envie :
 For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
 Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor ;
 Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
 Such pride is praise ; such portlinesse is honor ;
 That boldned innocence beares in hir eies ;
 And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
 Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affects, that naught but death can
sever.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAYRE eyes ! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
Into the obiect of your mighty view ?
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker nere;
No eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded
guest

Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined never;
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright:
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;
Nor to the Lightning; for they still perseuer;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such basenesse mought offend
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be, [her.
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
The huge massâcres which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her
sport.

SONNET XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth;
She, cruell Warriour, doth her selfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toile;
But greedily her fell intent pursueth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine;
All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
In the close covert of her guilful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yield my selfe into their hands;
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
Against your eies, that iustice I may gaine,

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorn
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven ma-
clime;
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETOURNE agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found;
If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine,
If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and
round:
If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene;
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground;
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light ;
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight ;
I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly ;
Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayiming his arrow at my very hart :
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne ;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill ?
For though he colours could devize at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill ;
Yet many wondrous things there are beside ;
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide ;
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart ;
The lovely pleasance ; and the lofty pride ;
Cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare :
And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water;
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So do I wêepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al Lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure ;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the lyon that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,
Than either lyon, or the lyonesse ;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

WAS it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace ?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure ;
And, with stern countenance, back again doth chace
Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure ;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay ;
And with another doth it streight recure ;
Her smile me drawes ; her frowne me drives away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes ;
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes !

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred Priests that never thinke amisse:
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrificise,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:
The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Uliesses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceive,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes do weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For, with one looke, she spils that long I sponne;
And, with one word, my whole years work doth
 rend.
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of Natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart;
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully!
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipeer, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunches rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accompt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

SONNET XXVII.

FAIRE Proud! now tell me, why should faire be
proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little weene!
That goodly Idoll, now so gay besene,
Shall doffe her fleshs borrowd fayre attyre,
And be forgot as it had never beene;
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain!
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish;
But that, which shall you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel-leave, which you this day doe weare,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd :
For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind :
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud Mayd, whom now those leaves attyre :
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie :
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a Laurell-tree.
Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,
But in your brest his leave and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborne Damzell doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne ;
And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
Accoumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall ;
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

MY Love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre ;
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat !
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold ;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold !
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all thing melts, should harden yse ;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse !
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

SONNET XXXI.

AH ! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace !
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
A dreadfull countenance she given hath ;
That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew ;
That she the better may, in bloody bath
Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THE paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply:
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more hard then yron soft a whit;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit:
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remains but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frozen turne!

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead:
But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it,
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud Love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest;
Or lend you me another living brest.

SONNET XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensivenesse.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
Still to behold the obiect of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize;
But, having, pine; and, having not, complaine.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease :
But al my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release !
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes ;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseries ?
But, when ye have shew'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold ;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told ?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare ;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee !

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas ;
Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will ;
But in her pride she dooth persever still,
All carelesse how my life for her decayes :
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !
Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET smile! the daughter of the Queene of Love,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
With which she wons to temper angry love,
When all the gods he threats with thundring dart:
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly mad-
ness,
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce ;
And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glance.
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
If nature; then she may it mend with skill:
If will; then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost:
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

SONNET XLII.

THE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continual smart;
But ioy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
And yield for pledge my poor and captyved hart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
And doe me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speake?
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
And eke iny tounge with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride, among themselves did iar,
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece;
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre;
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre idea of your celestially hew
And every part remaines immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames
darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way :
But then from heaven most hideous stormes are
sent,

As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey ?
The heavens know best what is the best for me :
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
But ye high heavens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your storms ; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde :
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish they bayts do hyde :
So she with flattrring smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay ;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray :
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle ;
That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm ! which makes men love theyr
bane,
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne.

SONNET XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper! whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre;
And, ere she could thy cause well understand,
Did sacrificize unto the greedy fyre;
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy Maisters cause, unjustly payned
Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayn
To utter forth the anguish of his hart:
And would not heare, when he to her complayn
The piteous passion of his dying smart.
Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAYRE Cruell! why are ye so fierce and crue
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mighties iewell;
And greater glory think to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes:
Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties;
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy to.
Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve;
There came to me a Leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vayne man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke for to appease
The inward languour of my wounded hart;
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordialls passe Physicians art.
Then, my lyfes Leach! doe you your skill reveale;
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

DOE I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?
Why then doe I, untrainde in Lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.
Only my paines wil be the more to get her;
But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyle of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hyde,
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray:
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play.
For, with the goodly semblance of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My Love, like the Spectator, ydly sits ;
Beholding me, that all the Pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy :
Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart :
But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her ? if nor merth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth ; for her high thoughts more heavenly
are :
Not water ; for her love doth burne like fyre :
Not ayre ; for she is not so light or rare :
Not fyre ; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made ; that is, the skye.
For, to the heaven her haughty looks aspire ;
And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAYRE be ye sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods;
Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I.
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET warrior! when shall I have peace with
you?
High time it is this warre now ended were;
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
That wonder is how I should live a iot,
Seeing my hart through-launched every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEAKE is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
Her glorious pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance:
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

SONNET LIX.

THRISE happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

SONNET LX.

THEY, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare :
In which her circles voyage is fulfild,
As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his spheare.
So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent :
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes :
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loves fayre planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, being as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born ;
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne ;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre ;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire !
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew :
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives amend ;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.
So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy spright,
And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight,

SONNET LXIII.

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore ;
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve :
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with
store
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he ! that can at last atchyve
The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this ;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse,

SONNET LXIV.

COMMING to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
 Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
 Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto roses red;
 Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures;
 Her lovely eyes, like pincks but newly spred;
 Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
 Her brest, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples, lyke young blossomd jessemynes:
 Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
 That fondly feare to lose your liberty;
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
 And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
 Without constraynt, or dread of any ill:
 The gentle birde feeles no captivity
 Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
 But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
 Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each others
 wound:
 There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a Princes pere:
For, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fymely tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :
This ioyous day, dear Lord, with ioy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from s
May live for ever in felicity !
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy
With love may one another entertayne !
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought :
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world
Us'd trophees to erect in stately wize ;
In which they would the records have enrold
Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit devize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity !
Even this verse, vovd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall monument ;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd;
Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soon ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I IOY to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all about
With Woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFT, when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings;
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things;
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such heavens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEING my self captived here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can ty,
But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters ! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From Mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent :
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent :
The third, my Love, my lives last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed :
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayseed.
Ye three Elizabeths ! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
But came the waves, and washed it away :
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I ; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAYRE bosome! fraught with vertues richest
tresure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray;
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest Prince with pompous roialty:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unvailewd price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd;
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have
fedd.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd ;
And seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd ;
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt ;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd ;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspéct :
But, when myne eyes I therunto direct,
They ydly back return to me agayne :
And, when I hope to see theyr trew obiéct,
I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see ;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see :
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me :
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew ;
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie : that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed :
He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made ;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
 Through Faery land, which those six books com-
 pile,
 Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
 And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
 Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
 Out of my prison I will break anew ;
 And stoutly will that second work assoyle,
 With strong endeavour and attention dew.
 Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet praise ;
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
 My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
 But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
 Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAYRE is my Love, when her fayre golden haire
 With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke ;
 Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares ;
 Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
 Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
 With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay ;
 Fayre, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth
 dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fayrest she, when so she doth display
 The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;
 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To beare the message of her gentle spright.
 The rest be works of Natures wonderment ;
 But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

IOY of my life ! full oft for loving you
 I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd :
 But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
 That are so much by so meane love embased.
 For, had the equall hevens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal prayses forth :
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest ;
 Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 And modest thoughts breathd from well tempred
 sprights,
 Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
 Accompanyde with ángelick delightes.
 There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
 The which my selfe could never yet attayne :
 But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election,

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things
 When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
 So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
 Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
 But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
 All that they know not, envy or admyre ;
 Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
 But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
 Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
 Her worth is written with a golden quill,
 That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill
 Which when as Fame in her shril trump sh
 thunder,
 Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adders sting
 Of that self kynd with which the Furies fell
 Their snaky heads doe combe, from which a spri
 Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches we
 Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre ;
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst t
 In my true Love did stirre up coles of yre ;
 The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
 And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile consy
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have bre
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward
 Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my Love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne ;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end :
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.
So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last ;
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray ;
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the idæa playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LYKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late :
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love ;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove :
Ne ioy of ought, that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight :
Whose sweet aspéct both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

SONNETS

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, MY SINGULAR GOOD FRENDE,
M. GABRIELL HARVEY, DOCTOR OF THE LAWES.

HARVEY, the happy above happiest, men
I read; that, sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest not with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy:
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomeful writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

II.

WHOSO wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
 Unto the type of true Nobility ;
 And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
 Derived farre from famous Auncestrie :
 Behold them both in their right visnomy
 Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
 And striving both for termes of dignitie,
 To be advanced highest in degree.
 And, when thou doost with equall insight see
 The ods twixt both, of both thē deem aright,
 And chuse the better of them both to thee ;
 But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight ;
 To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
 And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III.

*“ Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg,
 king of the Epirots, translated into English.*

WHEREFORE doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
 Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
 And old heröes, which their world did daunt
 With their great deedes and fild their childrens
 eares ?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
 Admire their statues, their colossoes great :
 Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,
 Their huge pyrámids, which do heaven threat.
 Lo ! one, whom Later Age hath brought to light,
 Matchable to the greatest of those great ;
 Great both by name, and great in power and might,
 And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

courge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
 cts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.

antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
 urd her buildinges to the threatned skie :
 econd Babell, Tyrant of the West,
 yry towers upraised much more high.
 ith the weight of their own surquedry,
 both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
 uried now in their own ashes ly ;
 hewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
 n their place doth now a third appeare,
 Venice, flower of the last worlds delight ;
 next to them in beauty draweth neare,
 ure exceedes in policie of right.
 ot so fayre her buildinges to behold
 awkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER.

 POEMS.

I.

uth, before I waxed old,
 lynd boy, Venus baby,
 rant of cunning made me bold,
 ter hyve to grope for honny :
 when he saw me stung and cry,
 oke his wings and away did fly.

II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead :
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III.

I SAW, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her ; “ All hayle, my mother !”
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
“ Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err’d in this beauty.”

IV.

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap ;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm’ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small ;
“ Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
That wakens men withall !”
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game :
" See ! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest :
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly."
Nathelasse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue ;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore :
" Now out alas, he cryde, and welaway,
I wounded am full sore :
The fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne."
Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grieve complayned :
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained. [smart
" Think now (quoth she) my son, how great the
Of those whom thou dost wound :
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found :
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of Lovers make."
She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well
 With salve of soveraigne might :
 And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
 The well of deare delight.
 Who would not oft be stung as this,
 To be so bath'd in Venus blis ?
 The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
 Of that his malady :
 But he, soone after, fresh again enured
 His former cruelty.
 And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
 With his sharpe dart of Love :
 And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
 His mothers heast to prove.
 So now I languish, till he please
 My pining anguish to appease.



EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
 Beene to the ayding, others to adorne,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
 To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
 But ioyed in theyr praise ;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your dolefull dreriment :
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;

d, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
 lpe me mine owne Loves prayes to resound ;
 let the same of any be envide :
 Orpheus did for his owne bride !
 I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
 ; woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

RLY, before the worlds light-giving lampe
 ; golden beame upon the hills doth spred,
 ving disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
 e ye awake ; and, with fresh lustyhed,
 to the bowre of my beloved Love,
 truest turtle dove ;
 l her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
 d long since ready forth his maske to move,
 th his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
 d many a bachelor to waite on him,
 theyr fresh garments trim.
 l her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
 : loe ! the wished day is come at last,
 at shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 y to her usury of long delight :
 d, whylest she doth her dight,
 e ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
 at all the woods may answer, and your eccho
 ring.

ING with you all the Nymphes that you can
 heare
 th of the Rivers and the Forrests greene,
 d of the Sea that neighbours to her neare ;
 with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
 d let them also with them bring in hand
 other gay girland,

For my fayre Love, of Lillyes and of Roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strait ;
The whiles do ye this Song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell ;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take ;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my Love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre ;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to
devoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer ;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAKE now, my Love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr
 And carroll of Loves praise. [laies,
 The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ;
 The Thrush replyes ; the Mavis descant playes ;
 The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock warbles soft ;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet concent,
 To this dayes meriment.
 Ah ! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' awayt the comming of your ioyous Make,
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The deawy leaves among !
 For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

MY Love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
 beams

More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye Damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight :
 But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,
 In Ioves sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
 Do make and still repayre :
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,

Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride :
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene ;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho
ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come :
Let all the Virgins therefore well awayt ;
And ye fresh Boyes, that tend upon her Groome,
Prepare your selves ; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so ioyfull day :
The ioyfulst day that ever Sunne did see.
Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus ! Father of the Muse !
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

HARKE ! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,

And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite ;
The whyles the Boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud ;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

LOE! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some Angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some Mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

TELL me, ye Merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store :
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncruddled,
Her paps lyke lylies budded,
Her snowie neck lyke to a marble towre ;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye Virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho
ring.

BUT if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes amazeful hed.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
There Vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may

Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
ring.

OPEN the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view :
Of her ye Virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the ioyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho
ring.

BEHOLD, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne :

That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done: bring home the Bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the Maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

RING ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day :
This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And benefiers make all day ;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

AH ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my Love ?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend ?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome :
The tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright Evening-star with golden creast
Apppeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of Love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest Lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight

Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring.

Now cease, ye Damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curteins over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Love her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho
ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sum'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,

Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our ioy ;
 But let the night be calme, and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad af ray :
 Lyke as when Iove with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tirynthian groome :
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the Mayds and Yongmen cease to sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

LET no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without :
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights ;
 Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings hepless harmes,
 Ne let the ponke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not ;
 Let not the shrieck-owle, nor the storke, be heard ;
 Nor the night raven, that still deadly yels ;
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels ;
 Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard :
 Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
 Make us to wish theyr choking.
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

BUT let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
 And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,

May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reprov
Their pretty stealthes shall worke, and snares shall
To filch away sweet snatches of delight, [spread
Conceald through covert night.
Ye Sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her Paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day :
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

WHO is the same, which at my window peepes ?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright ?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleeps,
But walkes about high heaven al the night ?
O ! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My Love with me to spy :
Forthou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now ;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast womb informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed :
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing ;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

AND thou, great Iuno ! which with awful might
The Lawes of Wedlock still dost patronize ;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize ;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart ;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius ! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine ;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny ;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
And thou, fayre Hebe ! and thou, Hymen, free !
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further prayse to sing ;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

AND ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne ;
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount ;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit.

Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

*SONG! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment!*

FOWRE HYMNES.

To the Right Honorable and most vertuous Ladies, the LADIE MARGARET, Countesse of Cumberland; and the LADIE MARIE, Countesse of Warwick.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same; but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall; the which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare-ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto

me, until such time as I may, by better meanes,
yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my
thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even
so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this
first of September, 1596. Your Honors most
bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

AN HYMNE

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poor captived hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doeest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I fear my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me
 bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-kied :
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love!
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse,
That sweeter farre than any nectar is ;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses ! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts ;
And ye, fair Nymphs ! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie.

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed !
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the
mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine own nativitie,
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heavens view, and in deep darknesse kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray ;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array,
And with contráry forces to conspyre
Each against other by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusión and decay :
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre,

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with adamantyne chaines ;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast ;
Through which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre,

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie ;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre ;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee ?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming grieve.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous
mone

Unto the author of their balefull bane :

The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and
grone,

Their lives they loath and heavens light disdaine ;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play,
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triúmph in their decay ;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more !)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarce any little part ;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame ?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraine lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize ?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if thou wilt ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme ;
For things hard gotten men more dearly deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse ;
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre ;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loialtie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine:
Thrice happie Man! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
That heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But carriest him to that which he had eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;
For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes !
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby :
Had it beene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathẽmore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
He may embosomd bee and loved best ;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone ;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine !
And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine :
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleieve
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all Loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah, Gods ! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle Love, that all his ioyes defaced !

By these, O Love ! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a paradize
Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd,

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their goddesses and their
 queene,
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penace small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
And heavenly Hymne, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee only honoring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.



AN HYMNE

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AH! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light, [might.
From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of
Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thyne :

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-
MAISTER did cast

To make al things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which closeth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please ; that is thy souveraine might,
O Cyprian queene ! which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe ; which, shynying in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre ;
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost
marrow.

How vainely then do ydle wits invent,
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade ;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition !

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd ?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew ?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part ?

But ah ! beleeve me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men ;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shall decay;
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestially ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Down from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearfull grace and amiable sight ;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew !)
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiaall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire Beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
However fleshs fault it filthy make ;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames ! the worlds deare ornaments,
And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight ;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiaall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame,
That base affection, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by Loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of Defame ;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your brightshyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire ; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display ;
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may ;
For else what booteth that celestiaall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never ?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt ;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestiaall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To work each others ioy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes
A more refyned form, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beamès bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces ;
Whom having wounded, back againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe ;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their concept, that others never see !
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they
 feede,
Like gods with nectar in their bankets free ;
Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee ;
But when her words embassage forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends !

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight ;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night ;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea ! and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend ;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then Iö, tryumph ! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassels beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am !

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine !
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved.

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear Dread !
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddessse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning grieve,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy souveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call Love,
I have in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

**BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in
which al things**

**Are now containd, found any being-place,
The sitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.**

**It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire ;
(For fair is lov'd ;) and of it self begot
Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of His ioy, in whom no iot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equall honour crownd.**

**With Him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright !
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly
wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to rehearse.**

**Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestially dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.**

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next He did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of His.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of His light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For He His beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission :
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
And with His onely breath them blew away
From heavens light, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride ; (for pride and love may ill agree ;)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee :
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure ?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In His wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke should
begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe-behold;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despeyred hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which He reigned with His glorious Syre,
He downe descendéd, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde ;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde :
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression
Of Loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into His soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free His foes, that from His heast had swerved !

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
staunch,

But stil do flow, and freshly still redownd,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And cense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove;
Had He required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask His owne with gaine?
He gave us life, He it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
As He Himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save ;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He Himselfe, in his dear sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,
Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake ;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy He by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by His most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew !).
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren ; thereby to approve
How much, Himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle;
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to Him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou this souveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, His mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where He encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull ox and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, His fights, His toyle, His strife,
His paines, His povertie, His sharpe assayes,
Through which He past His miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how
brused;
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet,
and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse ;
And let thy soule, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of His endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to His souveraine mercie doe appeale ;
Learne Him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest His blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace ;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fanciës, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possesse,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of His pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.



AN HYMNE.

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceived sprights ;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into thy breast some sparkling light
Of Thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with Thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.


Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands ;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands ;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end .
Of purest Beautie it at last ascend ;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of Blessed God, which men call Skye,
All sowed with glistring stars more thicke then
grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
As king and queene, the heavens empire sway ;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captains flaming head to see ?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas ?



For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around ;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arive,
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie ;
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raine
The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states ;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubim
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more brig
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my my
Leave to bethinke how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His b
His grace, His doome, His mercy, and His mig
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight!

Those unto all He daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of His grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which He may
Be seene of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so brig
That th'angels selves can not endure His sight

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine
The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie Divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke,
Compared to His least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which His Beautie doth declare ;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do
 blynd,
And, like the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of His Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with cõrruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if He chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before His mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the iust wrath of His avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which He bruseth all His foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repressse,
Under the rigour of His iudgment iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and
bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light :

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, wherby al things are red ;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe
breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in His owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath His feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of His avenging yre.

There in His bosome Sapience doth sit,
The sovaine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe ;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at her first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell;
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this Beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Teian poet, which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint,

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of Mightie Heavens King;
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiaall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presençe to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky;
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine:
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of Honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey;
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry Soule ! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false Beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah ! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief :

And looke at last up to that Sovereigne Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God ; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

‘ BRITTAİN’S IDA.
WRITTEN BY THAT RENOWNED PO
EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THOMAS WALKLEY, AND ARE TO BE
HIS SHOP AT THE EAGLE AND CHILD IN BRITTAINE
1628." 12mo.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY,
MARY,

DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRI
GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady! I have presumed to present this
your honourable hand, encouraged onely by the wor
famous Author, (for I am certainly assured by the s
most knowing men, that it must be a worke of *Sp*
whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost,) a
ing not but your Lady-ship will graciously accep
from a meane hand, this humble present, since the
offers it is a true honourer and observer of your
your princely family, and shall ever remaine

The humblest of your devoted serv:

THOMAS WA

MARTIAL.

*Accipe facundi Culicem studiosæ Maronis,
Ne nugis positis, arma virâmq; canas.*

SEE here that stately Muse, that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Elizaes praise,
And dresse faire Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! Shee that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare
With love's delightsome toys: doe not refuse
These harmlesse sports; 'tis learned Spencer's Mu
But think his loosest poems worthier then
The serious follies of vnskillfull men.

BRITAIN'S IDA*.

CANTO I.

Argument.

The youthly Shepheards winning here,
And Beauties rare displayd, appeare ;
What exercise hee chiefe affects,
His name and scornfull love neglects.

I.

IN Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?)
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Grecian spite,
An hundred shepheards wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepheards boyes with hundred sportings light,
Gave winges unto the times too speedy hast:
Ah, foolish Lads ! that strove with lavish wast
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

II.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
His nymph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares;
His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

* "The printer's assertion," says Mr. Todd, "is the only authority on which this Poem has been admitted into the editions of Spenser's Works, since its first publication in 1628. The critics agree in believing that it was not written by Spenser. It is rather remarkable also that the Poem, if it had been Spenser's, should have been unknown to the editor of his Works in 1611, whom I believe to be Gabriel Harvey, his particular friend."

III.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
 (Where never anger churlish rinkle dightèd,)
 His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
 That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
 To play among their wanton curles delighted;
 His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
 Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
 Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one re-
 stor'd?

IV.

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an ivory plaine,
 More purely white than frozen Apenine,
 Where lovely Bashfulnesse did sweetly raine,
 In blushing scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
 A hundred hearts had this delightful shrine,
 (Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
 That well the face might seem, in divers tìre,
 To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

V.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would proove
 (If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
 A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
 Of all the other parts enough is sed,
 That they were fit twins for so fayre a head:
 Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de;
 Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
 He thousand boyes (ah, Foole!) and thousand maids
 deni'd.

VI.

His ioy was not in musiques sweet delight,
 (Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
 Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite,
 But through the plaines to chace the nible hart
 With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certaine dart
 The tusked boare or savage beare to wound;
 Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound;
 Ah, Foole! to seeke so farre what neerer might be
 found!

VII.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
 Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)
 Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
 And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them;
 Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
 That rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
 Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
 Harder then rocky hills, laught at their vaine lamenting.

CANTO II.

Argument.

Diones Garden of Delight
 With wonder holds Anchises sight;
 While from the bower such musique sounds,
 As all his senses neere confounds.

I.

ONE day it chanc't as hee the deere persude,
 Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
 Faire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
 Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
 And in their shades his sweating limbes display;
 There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
 And much delighted with their even spaces,
 What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their kind
 imbraces.

II.

The woode with Paphian myrtles peöpled,
 (Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting,)
 To laurels sweete were sweetely married,
 Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting;
 When single much, much more when mixt, delighting:
 No foot of beaste durst touch this hallowed place,
 And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
 Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his frighted
 face.

III.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
 (For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
 Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon,)
 And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
 Like to the first of day or last of night:
 The fittest light for lovers gentle play:
 Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
 And guides his erring hand: night is Love's hollyday.

IV.

So farre in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
 That now he views the Garden of Delight,
 Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
 With divers ioy captiv'd his wandring sight;
 But soon the eyes rendred the eares their right;
 For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
 That all his senses flockt into his eare,
 And every faculty wisht to be seated there,

V.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd,
 A bower appareld round with divers roses,
 Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
 Their mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes;
 Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique
 By spreading their faire bosomes to the light, [clozes,
 Which the distracted sense should most delight;
 That, raps the melted eare; this, both the smel and sight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
 Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
 The bower, much more the guest so lodged there;)
 And, as he goes, he marks how well agree
 Nature and Arte in discord unity,
 Each striving who should best perform his part,
 Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte;
 While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart,

VII.

*"Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soone ending,
 By striving to increase your ioy, do spend it;
 And, spending ioy, yet find no ioy in spending;
 You hurt your life by striving to amend it;
 And, seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
 Then, while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
 Enioy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure:
 Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure.*

VIII.

*"Love is lifes end; (an end, but never ending;)
 All ioyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;
 Love is life's wealth (nere spent, but ever spending,)
 More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
 Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding:
 Then from thy wretched heart fond care remoove;
 Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetes to proove,
 Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to love."*

IX.

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted
 It's well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consorted,
 And while with skillfull voyce the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
 That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
 Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant shaking,
 And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreaines, and broad awake
 feares waking.

CANTO III.

Argument.

Faire Cythereas limbes beheld,
The straying lads heart so inthral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' sences slumbring in delight.

I.

Now to the bower hee sent his theevish eyes
To steale a happy sight; there doe they finde
Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde;
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

II.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright,)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skinne much more then lilly-white:
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

III.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moone,
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plaine with Love tryumphing went;
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold
chased.

IV.

Her full large eye, in ietty-blacke array'd,
 Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
 But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd;
 Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
 To make one beauty in different delight;
 A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye;
 And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesie,
 By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

V.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke,
 Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
 The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,
 That dares compare with them his fainting red:
 On these Cupido winged armies led
 Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine
 Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
 Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

VI.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
 From their so wisht imbracements seldome parted,
 Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
 But, when sweet words their ioyning sweet disparted,
 To th' care a dainty musique they imparted:
 Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,
 A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling:
 Ah! that such shews of ioyes should be all ioyes exiling.

VII.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
 So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
 To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
 More fast it thronged so to be expended;
 And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
 Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that firing
 Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring, [spiring.
 Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh re-

VIII.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inched,
Seem'd a faire iewell wrought with cunning hand,
And, being double, doubly the face graced:
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd;
And, on his top the heavenly spheare up-rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softnes farre exceeds comparing;
More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft, and each as smooth as other;
And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seemes then each, and each then each
seemes smoother.

X.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling,)
A path more white than is the name it beares,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all ioyes sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh ioyes attending,
Receive in giving; and, still love dispending,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepheard! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beaution hill
Which past the finest hand or choycest skill:
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.

XII.

That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in delight.

CANTO IV.

Argument.

The swonding swaine recovered is
By th' goddesse ; his soule-rapting blisse :
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.

SOFT-SLEEPING Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies ;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall ;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,
And more she thinkes the more the boy she eyes :
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him ;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before her Love himselfe she will prefer him.

II.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul, to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and blisse instated ;
Oft would he dye, so to be often saved ;
And now with happy wish he closly craved
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdaine could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base,)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace :
But oh ! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight ;
So, seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

“ Tell me, fair Boy! (sayd she) what erring chance
 Hither directed thy unwary pace?
 For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
 Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face:
 Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
 Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire?
 Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
 Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes require?”

V.

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted
 With such a musique,) stood with eares arected,
 And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
 More of those sugred straines long time expected;
 Till seeing she his speeches not reiected,
 First sighes arising from his heart's low center,
 Thus gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
 And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.

“ Fair Cyprian Queene, (for well that heavenly face
 Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love,)
 Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace;
 For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
 My daring feete to this thy holy grove;
 But lucklesse chance (which, if you not gaine-say,
 I still must rue,) hath caus'd me here to stray,
 And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

VII.

“ Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
 Never till now I saw what ought be loved;
 And now I see, but never dare aspire
 To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved;
 Whence though I would, I would it not remooved;
 Only since I have plac't my love so high,
 Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,
 Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye.”

VIII.

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdain,
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene,)
But gently could his passion entertain,
Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swain :
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,
Then to her service (happy Boy!) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunte
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that most his love despited :
And now the practique boy did so approve him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did moove him
That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love him

CANTO V.

Argument.

The lovers sad despairing plaints
 Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
 Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
 From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

YET never durst his faint and coward heart
 (Ah, Foole ! faint heart faire lady ne're could win ?)
 Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,
 But kept his love and burning flame within,
 Which more flam'd out, the more he preste it in ;
 And thinking oft how iust shee might disdaine him,
 While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,
 Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain
 him :

II.

“ Ah, fond and haplesse Boy ! nor know I whether
 More fond or haplesse more, that all so high
 Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together
 May never hope to end thy misery,
 Nor yet thy selfe dare wish a remedy :
 All hindrances (alas !) conspire to let it ;
 Ah, fond, and hapless Boy ! if canst not get it !
 In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

III.

“ Ah, farre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine !
 Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
 Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;
 And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
 Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
 No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
 Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
 Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.”

IV.

Thus oft the hopelesse boy complayning lyes;
 But she, that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
 (Who can conceal love from Loves mothers eyes?)
 Did not disdaine to give his love contenting;
 Cruel the soule that feeds on soules tormenting:
 Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,
 (Love is nobility) nor could she scorne
 That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

V.

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!
 While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
 And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,
 And Cupids selfe, with shepherds boyes consorting,
 Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
 Faire Venus seats the fearfull boy close by her,
 Where never Phœbus jealous lookes might eye her,
 And bids the boy his mistress and her name descry her.

VI.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
 While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
 Fit prologue to his speech; and fearefull blood
 From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
 That eyther now he's made, or now undon;
 Atlength his trembling words, with feare made weake,
 Began his too long silence thus to breake,
 While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd to
 speake.

VII.

"Faire Queene of Love! my life thou maist command,
 Too slender price for all thy former grace,
 Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand;
 But never dare I speak her name and face;
 My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace:
 And, for I know if I her name relate
 I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
 Unlesse thou sweare by Stix I purchase not her hate."

VIII.

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy persu'd his former drift:
" No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,
By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

IX.

" Her forme is as her selfe, perfect coelestiall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial !
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces ;
The map of heaven, the summe of all her graces :
But if you wish more truely limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may spy
her."

CANTO VI.

Argument.

The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant ;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" THY crafty arte," reply'd the smiling queene,
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet 'twas never seene
That angry rage and gentle love consented ;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee ?
For by the selfe-same vow I here avow thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

II.

" Pardon," replies the boy, " for so affecting
Beyond mortality, and not discarding
Thy service, was much more than my expecting ;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual firing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring,
And after starve my heart, for my too much desiring."

III.

" Fond Boy!" said she, " too fond, that askt no more ;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving spends not our increasing store :"—
'Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly pressed ;
Most blessed kisse! but hope more than most blessed.
The boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he ioy'd,
And while ioy he so greedily enioy'd,
He felt not halfe his ioy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

"Why sighst? faire Boy!" said she, "dost thou repent thee

Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"

"Well may I sigh," said he, "and well lament me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay."

"A kisse," said she, "a kisse will back repay."

"Wilt thou," reply'd the boy, too much delighted,
"Content thee with such pay to be requited?" [cited.
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to payment

V.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd,
And subiect to his guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
So he; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore;
With that he markes, and tels her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before. [more.
Fond boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows the

VI.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinkes that something wants for his requiring,
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave,
That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else to
crave.

VII.

And, boldned with successe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,
Again it prison'd in her tender breast:
Ah, blessed prison! prisners too much blest!
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters loves highway, [stray.
While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand doth

VIII.

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
Elder Love taught, and he before did misse;
That moult with ioy, in such untri'd ioyes trying,
He gladly dies; and, death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight,
Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted sprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his ioy,
To woods, and heav'n, and earth, his blisse imparted
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light ioyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' heart's low center doth imbrace
Might I enioy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

FINIS.



GLOSSARY.

<i>ABEARE</i> , bear, demean, behave.	<i>Aghast</i> , frequently used both as a verb and participle.
<i>Aboard</i> , from the bank.	<i>Aglets</i> , points, or tags of lace.
<i>Aboard</i> , across, from shore to shore.	<i>Agrate</i> , grace and favour.
<i>Abraid</i> , awaked.	<i>Agreeably</i> , alike, like each other.
<i>Abrayd</i> , awake.	<i>Aguise</i> , accoutred, or dressed.
<i>Abus</i> , the Humber, in Yorkshire, from the British <i>Aber</i> , the mouth of a river.	<i>Aguize</i> , to deck, or adorn.
<i>Aby</i> , abide.	<i>Alabaster</i> , the usual old spelling of alabaster.
<i>Abye</i> , endure, or suffer.	<i>Albee</i> , whether.
<i>Accloieeth</i> , encambreth.	<i>Albion</i> , England, so called from the white rocks.
<i>Accloyes</i> , chokes, or clogs up.	<i>Alleggs</i> , to lessen, or assuage.
<i>Accoid</i> , plucked down, daunted.	<i>Alleggeaunce</i> , alleviation.
<i>Account</i> , tell over, number.	<i>Alew</i> , howling, lamentation.
<i>According</i> , granting.	<i>Algates</i> , wholly, altogether, by all means.
<i>Accoyed</i> , daunted, same as <i>Accoied</i> , above; or, in Faerie Queene, b. iv. canto viii. caressed, made much of.	<i>All</i> , sometimes for altogether, entirely; sometimes for although.
<i>Accoyld</i> , stood around, coiled up, or gathered together.	<i>All and some</i> , one and all, every one.
<i>Accrewed</i> , increased, united.	<i>All be</i> , although (he) be.
<i>Achates</i> , provisions, from the old French <i>achet</i> , a thing bought.	<i>Allectus</i> , the Roman general.
<i>Acquit</i> , released.	<i>Allegee</i> , ease, alleviate.
<i>Adaw</i> , to daunt, overawe, keep in subjection.	<i>Al haile</i> , the Saxon form of salutation, all health.
<i>Adawed</i> , daunted, confounded.	<i>All-to</i> , completely or entirely.
<i>Address</i> , went to, directed the course to.	<i>Aima</i> , the mind.
<i>Adore</i> , used sometimes for adorn.	<i>Als</i> , also.
<i>Adorne</i> , ornament.	<i>Amate</i> , subdue, or daunt.
<i>Advauust</i> , driven forward, impelled, or hastened.	<i>Amated</i> , perplexed.
<i>Advise</i> , consider.	<i>Amenage</i> , manage, carriage.
<i>Advize</i> , to bethink one's self.	<i>Amenawance</i> , carriage, behaviour, conduct.
<i>Affect</i> , affection.	<i>Amis</i> , a kind of garment.
<i>Affections</i> , passions, from the Latin <i>affectus</i> .	<i>Amoves</i> , moves.
<i>Affected stile</i> , low and jejune style.	<i>Angle</i> , or corner.
<i>Affrap</i> , encounter, or strike down.	<i>An howere</i> , any while.
<i>Affrended</i> , made friends.	<i>Annoy</i> , hurt.
<i>Affret</i> , rencounter, hasty meeting.	<i>Antickes</i> , buffoons.
<i>Affronted</i> , encountered, or opposed.	<i>Appeach</i> , impeach, accuse, censure.
<i>Affronting</i> , opposing.	<i>Appeached</i> , impeached, censured.
<i>Aganip</i> , Aganippus, king of France.	<i>Apele</i> , to pronounce, or repeat, or to accuse.
<i>Age</i> , age is frequently used for age in general.	<i>Appellation</i> , appeal.
<i>Aggrate</i> , favour, kindness.	<i>Apply</i> , mind, or observe.
<i>Aggrate</i> , delight, or please.	<i>Arayd</i> , apparelled, or dressed.
	<i>Arete</i> , backward.
	<i>Arew</i> , in a row, together.
	<i>Armericke</i> , Bretagne in France, formerly called Armorica.

GLOSSARY.

- Arret*, appoint.
Arrets, appoint, assign, or allot.
Ascaunce, askew, or asquiat.
Aspire, aim at.
Assoile, put off, was freed from.
Assoiled, absolved.
Assot, stupefied.
Assotte, to doat.
Assoye, liberate, or set free, or to determine.
Astart, to befall unawares.
At dore, near at hand.
At earst, lately.
At one clap, at once.
At random, for random, without direction.
Atone, or *Attone*, friends again, at one, atoned or reconciled.
Attemper, to temper or adapt.
Attempted, sometimes for tempted.
Attent, sometimes for attention.
Attone, together, at once. See *Atone*.
Attrapt, adorned.
Avail, bring down.
Avails, to sink.
Availles, drops or lowers.
Avale, abate, sink down, come down, dismount.
Aventred, pushed at a venture.
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avise, bethought.
Avise, to bethink one's self, to look upon, to see.
Avising, looking upon.
Avizd, saw.
Avize, bethought.
Avizefull, circumspect.
Avoure, i. e. make avoure, to justify.
Aumayled, enamelled.
Autenticall, authentic.
Awake, terrify.
Awkaped, terrified.
Aye, evermore.
Ayery ways, ways through the air.
Aygulets, or *Aylets*, tagged points.

Bace, low; or, bid the bace, a phrase in the sport of prison-base.
Back-retyr'd, drawn out back again.
Baffuld, treated with ignominy.
Baile, power.
Bale, poison.
Balke, to baffle, or, a ridge or furrow.
Balks, disappointed, or treated with contempt.
Ban, to curse, or exclaim against.
Bancke, the seat of honour.
Band, did curse.
Bandog, formerly the name of a mastiff.
Bands, banishes.

Banneraill, a small flag.
Bannes, curses.
Barbarous, uncivilized.
Barbes, bits or bridles.
Barbican, a watch tower, or fortification for the defence of gates.
Bare, raw.
Basciomani, kissing hands.
Base humilitie, subjection.
Basinet, helmet, or headpiece.
Bastard, sometimes used for base.
Bate, bit, or did bite.
Battill, to grow fat.
Baudricke, or *Bauldricke*, a belt, the zodiac.
Bayt, to rest.
Beard, to affront.
Beare, bier.
Beastlikehead, a greeting to the person of a beast.
Beath'd, bathed.
Beauperes, fair companions, or peers, equals.
Bed, sometimes for to bid.
Bedight, called or named.
Beginne, sometimes for beginning.
Begor'd, smeared with gore.
Behaves, employes, uses, the primitive sense of the word.
Behight, committed or entrusted, sometimes promised, commanded, reckoned, esteemed, spoke, adjudged.
Bel-accoyle, kind salutation and reception.
Belamour, lover.
Belamoure, lover.
Belamy, fair friend.
Belay, to attack; or, according to Johnson, to place in ambush.
Belay'd, laid over, or decorated.
Belgardes, sweet, or beautiful looks.
Belivee, quickly.
Belt, a girdle, or waistband.
Bend, a band, or knot.
Benempte, named.
Bent, levelled.
Bents, rushes, bent-grass.
Besides, sometimes for near.
Besits, or *Befits*, becomes.
Besprint, besprinkled.
Best, sometimes, first in precedence.
Bestad, or *Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.
Betake, sometimes for commit, or deliver to.
Beteeme, give, deliver.
Betight, happened.
Betooks, delivered, or committed.
Bett, better.
Bevie, or *Bevy*, company.
Bewaile, sometimes to make choice of, to select.

GLOSSARY.

- Beyond*, at some distance.
Bickermens, contention, strife.
Bide, bid.
Bilbo, a sword, from Bilboa, in Biscay, where the best blades are made.
Blacke, Hell.
Blam'd, brought a reproach upon.
Blame, reproach.
Blazed, in heraldry, displaying a coat of arms in its proper colours and metals.
Blend, blemish, or confound.
Blent, confounded, spoiled with mixing, blemished, disgraced.
Blesse, wave or brandish.
Blest, preserved, kept from danger.
Blist, wounded.
Blive, presently.
Blonket liveries, gray coats.
Blont, stupid, or unpolished.
Bloome delight, bloom delight.
Bhant, uncivilized, unpolished.
Bodrags, or *Bordrags*, or *Bordragings*, incursions on the borders of a country.
Bold emprise, perilous fight.
Boord, run sportingly.
Boorded, addressed.
Boot, booty.
Bord, accost, or address.
Bordragings. See *Bodrags*.
Borne without her dew, born without the due qualities of a woman.
Borow, or *Borows*, pledge.
Borrell, a plain fellow, coarse, rude.
Borrow, pledge or surety.
Bouget, budget, or pouch.
Boughtes, twists, or folds.
Boulted, sifted.
Bounty, generosity, goodness.
Bourne, boundary, river or strait.
Bowre, chamber, apartment.
Bowres, chambers.
Bours, shoulders.
Bousing, drinking.
Brace, compass.
Brame, or *Breme*, severe or sharp.
Brand, sword.
Bransles, brawls, a French dance.
Bras-paved, firm and durable as brass.
Brayned, the brains dashed out.
Brayne-pan, the head.
Breach, what is made by the breaking in of the sea.
Breeme, sharpe and bitter.
Braithen, sometimes for relations in general.
Brickle, full of, or fit for bricks.
Bridale, the nuptial feast.
Brigandines, coats of mail, or a species of ship.
Brigants, the inhabitants of the northern parts of England.
Brim, the margin or bank of a stream.
Britomartis, among the Cretans, a name for Diana, the goddess of chastity.
Briton moniments, the moniments or antiquities of Britain.
Brize, a gad, or horse-fly.
Brond, the brandishing of a sword.
Brooke, to bear, endure, or digest.
Brust, sometimes for burst.
Brutenesse, sottishness, stupidity.
Bryzes, the breeze, or gad-flies.
Bug, a monster, any frightful appearance.
Bullet, bulls.
Burden, sometimes for club.
Burganet, a Spanish murrion, or steel head-piece.
Burgain, to spring forth, or bud.
Bushy teade, bushy torch.
Busie payne, diligent labour.
Bushets, little bushes.
But, sometimes for except; *but for*, because; *but if*, unless.
Buxome, yielding, or obedient.
Buxome aire, yielding air.
Buxome and bent, meek and obedient.
By and by, presently.
By cyphers, astrological figures.
By hooks or by crooke, proverb, by right or wrong, by one means or other.
Bynempt, bequeathed, dictated or named.
Byte, bite.
Cabinets, cots, or little cabins.
Camus, a thin transparent dress.
Can, sometimes for knows; *he can*, he began.
Can tune, did tune, or knew how to tune.
Cancered carle, ill-natured old man.
Candle-light, used for reason, or the reasoning faculty.
Canon, that part of a horse-bitt which is let into the mouth.
Capitaine, captain.
Capuccio, a capuchin, the hood of the cloke.
Carefull, sorrowful.
Carefull cold, cold which acts like cold, cools, allays.
Carke, care.
Carle, churl.
Carven, cut.
Cast, sometimes for considered.
Cav'd, made hollow.
Causelesse, without any just cause.

GLOSSARY.

- Causen*, account for, assign reasons.
Caytive, base.
Caytive courage, a base and abject mind.
Caytives, villains, wretches.
Chaffred, sold, or exchanged.
Chamelot, the stuff called camlet.
Chamfred, wrinkled, or indented.
Chaplet, a kind of garland like a crown.
Character, sometimes figure, image.
Charme, temper or tune.
Charmes, literally *carmina*, songs.
Charming, tempting by enchantment.
Chaw, jaw.
Chayre, chair, or chariot.
Chearen might, might be cheared.
Checklaton, or *Shecklaton*, a robe of state, or the cloth of gold of which it was made.
Checkmate, a term in chess.
Cheere, countenance.
Cherry, for cherish.
Chevisaunce, bargain, gain, enterprise.
Childe, a youth, or young man.
Chin, sometimes for the face.
Chylded, conceived, or sometimes brought forth.
Clame, call.
Cleene, clean.
Clemence, clemency.
Cleue, clean, entirely.
Close, secretly.
Closely, secretly.
Cloyd, a term used among farriers, when a horse is pricked with a nail in shoeing.
Colled, hung about the neck.
Commene, commune.
Comment, devise, or feign.
Commonly, sometimes for lovingly and sociably.
Compare, sometimes for procure.
Compart, round.
Complement, complete character.
Complements, every thing which serves to complete.
Completing, accomplishing, fulfilling.
Complot, plot or combination.
Complynes, even-song; the last service of the day.
Concent, harmony.
Concrew, grew together.
Cond, learnt.
Condition, generally used for the inward qualities of the mind.
Confound, sometimes for confounded.
Cong, leave.
Congregate, assembled together.
- Coniure*, conspire.
Constant, resolute, persevering.
Constraints, uneasiness.
Containe, hold together, keep within bounds.
Contect, contest, strife.
Contraire, to cross or thwart.
Contrive, sometimes to wear out.
Controverse, debate or contention.
Convent, summon to appear.
Convince, sometimes to overthrow, or to convict.
Copemate, a companion, or friend.
Coportion, equal share.
Corage, heart, or mind.
Corbe, crooked.
Corbes, corbels, ornaments in architecture.
Cordwayne, leather from Cordovan, Spanish leather, so called from Corduba.
Coronall, a garland.
Cor'sive, corrosive.
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the dam.
Cott, a little boat.
Covetise, covetousness.
Could, sometimes for knew.
Counsell sad, grave advice.
Counterfeisaunce, counterfeiting, dissimulation.
Cowrd, protected, as a hen cove over her young chickens.
Course, sometimes for the course, or ship's way, in navigation.
Cowth, knew, from *coune*, to know.
Cowardree, cowardice.
Cowheard, coward, old spelling.
Crackt, sometimes for broken or subdued.
Crafty spyas, a periphrasis for eyes.
Cragge, neck.
Crass, necks.
Crake, boast.
Crackt, lusty, courageous.
Cranks, the sudden or frequent involutions of the planets.
Craven, base, or recreant.
Created, tufted, plumed.
Crime, sometimes for reproach.
Crooke, the gibbet.
Croud, the fiddle.
Cruell kynde, kind with cruelty.
Cruell spies, for cruel eyes.
Crumenall, purse.
Cuffling, for scuffling.
Culver, a dove.
Culverings, a piece of ordinance so called.
Cryer, for cry.
Cunning hand, skilful hand.
Cunningly, like artists.
Curat, for cuirass, a breast-plate.

GLOSSARY.

Curelesce, difficult to be cured.
Cursed, sometimes for ill-fated.

Dedale hand, ingenious or cunning hand.

Daintie, delicate.

Dainty, frequently for elegant or beautiful.

Damne, sometimes for condemn.

Damned, condemned.

Damnifyde, injured.

Danisk, Danish.

Dapper, neat, pretty.

Darrayne, to arrange, prepare, set in array.

Darred, i. e. lark, a lark caught by a daring-glass.

Dayer-man, arbitrator, or judge.

Daynt, dainty, fine.

Deadly made, made for death, Hell and destruction.

Deare, sometimes for dearly.

Deare constraint, pleasing uneasiness.

Dearnly, mournfully.

Death's mouth, the jaws of death.

Dew-burning, burning bright with holy dew.

Debate, sometimes for fight.

Debonaire, gracious, kind.

Decease, decease.

Decrewed, decreased.

Deeme, adjudge.

Deems, din, noise.

Default, sometimes for offend.

Defend, for to keep off, or to repel.

Defly, finely and nimbly.

Define, sometimes, to decide.

Degendered, degenerated.

Degendering, degenerating.

Deheubarth, South Wales.

Deigne, vouchsafe.

Delay, sometimes to smooth or soften; to put away; to temper, or mitigate.

Delayd, removed, put away, tempered.

Delices, delights, dainties, pleasant fantasies.

Demays, demeanour, or appearance.

Demean, behaviour, demeanour; sometimes a verb, to treat.

Demisse, humble.

Dempt, deemed, judged.

Depart, separate, remove; sometimes for departure.

Dernly, anxiously, earnestly.

Derring do, aforesaid.

Derring doe, daring deeds.

Derring doers, daring and bold doers.

Describe, describe.

Desining, designing.

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Despetto, despatch.

Detaine, sometimes for detention.

Devicfull sights, sights full of devices, as masques, triumphs, &c.

Devoyre, duty.

Dew, due, i. e. descent.

Diapred, diversified.

Did pray, made a prey of.

Did shame, was ashamed.

Diffused, dispersed, or disordered.

Dight, adorned.

Dilate, enlarge upon, relate at large.

Dint, often for stroke.

Dinting, striking.

Dirke, dark.

Dirks, darkens.

Disaventurous deare, unfortunate hurt or trouble.

Discharge, to clear from the charge.

Disced, cleft in two.

Disclosed, disengaged, untied.

Discourse, shifting ground, traversing to and fro.

Discust, shaken off.

Disease, want of ease, uneasiness.

Disentrayle, to draw, or drag forth.

Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.

Disgraste, dissolute, debauched.

Dishabled, lessened.

Disleall, perfidious, treacherous.

Disloignd, remote.

Disloyall, unfaithful, perfidious.

Dismayd, badly made, ill-shaped.

Dispacing, ranging about.

Disparage, sometimes for disparagement, unequal or improper union.

Dispence, consumption, or expense.

Dispiteous, unmerciful.

Disple, discipline.

Dissaventures, misfortunes.

Disseise, dispossess.

Disseized, dispossessed.

Distraughted, distracted.

Diitt, ditty or song.

Diverse, i. e. dream, a dream that occasions diversity and distraction.

Diversit, turned aside.

Divide, in music, to play divisions; sometimes to distribute.

Divinde, made divine, deified.

Doe well, cause to flow.

Don, do on, put on.

Done, caused, sometimes for do.

Donghill, dunghill, low, debased.

Donne, put on, or do.

Doole, complaint.

Doolfull, dolefull.

Doom, judgment.

Dortour, places where the monks slept.

Y

GLOSSARY.

- Doubt*, sometimes for fear.
Doubted, sometimes for redoubted.
Doubtfull, fearful.
Doncoper, lez douze pairs, the twelve peers of France.
Dout, fear.
Downe way, weigh down.
Downe, sometimes for through.
Drapets, linen cloths.
Draught, sometimes for resemblance.
Dreadfull, full of the dread of danger.
Drears, horror, sometimes for misfortune, and for force, sorrow.
Drent, drenched, or drowned.
Drewe, sorrow, sadness.
Dreiment, darkness.
Dresse, order, dispose.
Drevill, driveller, a fool.
Drove, sometimes for drove, or driven.
Droyle, to work sluggishly.
Dryried, dismalness, sorrow.
Dumprish, mournfull.
Dumps, lamentations.
Duress, confinement.
Dwell, remain.
Dyde, dyed, coloured.

Earshy, early.
Earst, at earst, at length.
Edifide, or *Edifyde*, built.
Eke, increase, *eked*, increased.
Eft, afterwards, moreover, again.
Element, the sky, or air.
Eld, old age.
Els, else, other.
Embase, to demean, or lessen, to debase.
Embassade, as ambassadors.
Embay, to bathe, to delight or cherish; *embayd*, delighted.
Embayld, bound up.
Embosse, to enclose, sheath, or lodge; sometimes to adorn.
Embost, overwhelmed, hard pursued; sometimes ornamented, concealed, or enclosed.
Embowd, arched, bent like a bow.
Emboyld, full of wounds and sores.
Embrace, decorate.
Embraced, wet with blood, steeped, or moistened.
Eme, uncle.
Empaire, grow worse, or to hurt or invade.
Empar lance, parley.
Empeach, to hinder.
Emperill, endanger.
Emprise, enterprise.
Enaunter, lest that.
Enchafed, engraven.

Encheason, or *Encheson*, occasion, cause.
Endew, endow, clothe, invest.
Endosse, to engrave, carve, or write on the back.
Enfeloned, become fierce.
Enforme, fashion.
Ensouldered, thrown forth like thunder and lightning.
Enfyred, kindled, set on fire.
Engore, to pierce, to prick, to make bloody or gory.
Engrained, dyed in grain.
Engrave, sometimes to put into the grave, to bury.
Enhauenced, raised, lifted up.
Enraced, inrooted, implanted.
Enseames, furnishes with seed, fattens, or nourishes.
Entayled, carved.
Entayle, carving, sculpture.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Entertain, sometimes to take.
Entertake, entertain, receive.
Entertayne, entertainment.
Entire, not mangled or wounded, in a whole skin.
Entrailed, or *Entrayld*, wrought between, twisted, as in knot-work.
Entyre, inward, inner.
Envy, sometimes to vie with.
Enure, to use, or practise.
Enured, committed, used.
Equipage, order.
Eslogne, withdraw.
Esogyne, excuse, a law phrase.
Eternal night, death, or darkness of Hell.
Ethe, easy.
Ever among, ever and anon.
Evil hears, have an ill character, are ill spoken of.
Eubæan, from Eubœa, an island near Bœotia.
Evfies, evets, or ests, newts, &c.
Escheat, or *Escheat*, any lands or profits that fall to the lord of a manor by forfeiture, &c.
Esperit, for to experience.
Express, pressed out.
Esprey, send forth, or bring forth.
Estasie, sadden surprise.
Extirpe, extirpate.
Extort, for extorted.
Estreate, extraction.
Eyas, unfledged.
Eye of Heaven, the sun.

Fede, vanish.
Faine, or *Faine*, glad, desirous, or joy.
Fained, desired.

GLOSSARY.

- Faitours*, vagabonds.
Falsed, broke, made false, feigned.
Falsers, deceivers.
Fasts, faced, having faces.
Fastnesse, a strong hold.
Fatall end, destiny.
Fatall error, wandering as the fates directed.
Fay, faith, truth.
Fayled, or *Fayld*, deceived, cheated.
Faynes, takes delight.
Fayrely, softly.
Faytor, or *Faytour*, a deceiver, vagabond, impostor.
Fears, sometimes for the thing feared, or which raises fear; sometimes a companion, and spell *ferre*, or *pheare*.
Feared, affrighted.
Fearfull, occasioning fear.
Feature, sometimes for fashion, make.
Feedes, enjoys.
Fell, gall, anger, melancholy.
Felly, cruelly, or fiercely.
Felnesse, fierceness.
Feminitee, womanhood.
Fere, a companion, sometimes used for husband.
Ferne, farm, in the sense of lodging-house.
Feured, made ready.
Fiaunt, commission, or warrant.
Field, sometimes used for battle.
File, defile, or sometimes for style.
Filed, defiled, sometimes smooth, polished.
Fine, taper, thin.
Fire-mouthed, a mouth emitting flames.
Fit, or *Fitt*, a strain, or air.
Flamed, inflamed.
Fleet, sometimes for float.
Flourets, young blossoms.
Folke-mote, assembly of people.
Fon, fool.
Fond, foolish, but sometimes used for found.
Fone, often used for foes.
Food, sometimes for feud.
For, sometimes for because, instead of notwithstanding.
Forthy, or *For-ty*, therefore.
Forebare, ill bear.
Foreby, by, or near to.
For-hent, taken before being able to escape.
Forelent, given before hand.
Foretaught, before taught.
Forewent, gone before.
Forhaile, distress.
Forlent, left forlorn.
Forlorne, left forsaken.
Formally, sometimes according to form or method.
Formerlie, first, or before hand.
Formerly, sometimes first of all.
Forray, foraging, or pillaging.
Forlacked, delayed.
Forswath, sunburnt.
Forswonck, over laboured.
Forth do well, pour forth.
Forth to hold, to march forth.
Forthink, think before-hand of.
Forward, bold.
Forwearied, over fatigued.
Foster, a forrester.
Fouldring, thundering.
Foundring, tripping and falling.
Foy, the tribute due from subjects.
Foyle, trample upon, or overthrow, sometimes defile.
Frame, to order right.
Francker franion, a merrier companion.
Francklin, a person of note, classed with the ranks of miles and armiger.
Franion, a companion.
Free, genteel, of easy carriage.
Frend, befriend.
Frenne, a stranger, or foreigner.
Fresh, to refresh.
Friends, befriends.
Frore, frozen.
Frounce, to plait, or fold.
Froward, forward, in opposition to towards.
Frowie, or *Frowy*, musty or mossy, frouzy.
Fulgent, king of the Picts.
Fulmined, shot, like lightning.
Furniment, furnishing, furniture.
Fylde, feelled, felt.
Fyled, kept and filed up.
Fyne, thin, taper.
Fyrie-footed, fiery-footed.
Galage, a wooden shoe.
Gang, go.
Garre, to cause, occasion, oblige.
Gates, goats.
Gay, glaring.
Gay be seene, of a gay appearance.
Geare, old spelling for jeer.
Geason, rare, uncommon.
Gelt, for gelding.
Gent, courteous or free, noble.
Gentle thewes, genteel accomplishments.
Georgos, a husbandman.
German, brother.
Gerne, or *Girn*, for grin; to yawn.
Gest, action, or adventure.
Ghesse, to think.
Giambeus, boots.

GLOSSARY.

- Gibe*, to jest.
Gin, engine, or plot.
Girlands, guardians.
Giusts, jasts, or tournaments.
Glade, gladden, or make glad.
Glaives, swords, or sometimes clubs.
Glid, the mustachio, or hair upon the upper lip.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, for glowed, or glided.
Glosing, deceiving by a false glass, flattering, lying.
Gnarre, snarl.
Good houre, good fortune.
Goodman, master of the house.
Gorge, the throat.
Gosnids, friends.
Gownd, wearing a gown.
Grace, favour.
Graile, particles of gravel.
Gramercy, great thanks.
Grange, sometimes for a dwelling.
Grantorto, great injury and wrong, a tyrant's name.
Gratie, graced, favoured.
Gratious, handsome.
Grayle, gravel.
Great hunt, executing of laws and justice.
Great name, great celebrity.
Greave, a groove, or grove.
Gree, degree, sometimes liking or satisfaction, favour.
Greet, mourning, or sorrow.
Greete, weep.
Gride, pierced.
Gristie, greasy.
Grin, sometimes for grind.
Grippe, griping, tenacious.
Groynd, grunted.
Gryde, pierced.
Gryesy, dirty, moist, or foggy.
Grylle, Gryllus, one of the companions of Ulysses, transformed into a hog by Circe.
Grysis, filthy, or squalid.
Guant, the river Gvant, or Cam.
Guarish, to heal.
Guerdon, reward.
Gyeld, hail, a guild-hall.
Gyre, circle.

Habericons, sleeves, and gorget of mail.
Hable might, proper strength.
Hacqueton, the stuffed jacket worn under armour.
Hagard hawk, a wild hawk.
Hale, whole, sometimes welfare.
Halfendeale, half.
Hall, sometimes used for chamber.
Hallidome, holy judgment.
Han, have.

Handes, sometimes for persons.
Harbrough, or *Herbrough*, an inn, a lodging.
Hard essay, dangerous enterprise.
Harnesse, suit of armour.
Harrowd, conquered.
Hary, zealous, empassioned, encouraging.
Haubergh, a coat of mail without sleeves, made of plate, or of chain metal.
Haught, high.
Haulst, embraced.
Hazardy, rashness, or playing at hazard.
Heard, a keeper of cattle, a herdsman.
Heardgrooms, keepers of cattle.
Heben wood, ebony.
Hell them quite, perhaps cover, or devour them quite.
Hent, seized, snatched, or took, caught.
Here by there, here and there.
Herie, worship, honour.
Herrisd, honoured.
Hersall, rehearsal, relation.
Herse, rehearsal.
Hest, behest, command.
Hew, for hewing.
Heydeguyes, a country dance, or round.
Hidder and shidder, male and female, he and she.
Hight, entrusted, committed, called.
Hild, beld.
Hippodames, sea-horses.
Hoare, hoary.
Hole, sound, entire.
Holy grayle, the real blood of our Saviour, pretendedly brought by Joseph of Arimathea.
Hood, a term denoting a state, as manhood, &c.
Hooke and crooks. See *By hooks*.
Hooved, hovered.
Hore, sordid.
Hospitage, hospitality.
Hospitale, inn.
Hostlesse, inhospitable.
Hostry, lodging.
Hot, named, called.
Hoved, hovered.
Housing fire, fire used in the sacrament of marriage.
Howres, stated prayers at certain hours of devotion.
Hugger-mugger, secretly.
Humbleste, humility.
Hurtle, or *Hurdlen*, to rush forth, push forward.
Husbands toyle, labour of the husbandman,

GLOSSARY.

- Hilding*, base, contemptible.
Hynde, a kind of servant, a hind.
- Jane*, a coin, money.
Jasp, jasper, stone.
Javels, wandering or dirty fellows.
Idole, image.
Jesses, the leathers that fasten on the hawk's bells.
Ill affected, affected with bad impressions.
Ill apayd, dissatisfied.
Ill bested, in bad plight.
Image of thy day, emblem of thy life.
Impe, a child.
Impeach, sometimes to hinder.
Impes, children.
Imple, wrap up.
Implore, sometimes used as a substantive.
Imply, wrap up.
Implyes, envelops, hides.
Importable, not to be borne.
Importune, sometimes for cruel, salvage.
Impugne, oppose or resist.
In, inn.
In, often used for on.
In derring-doe, in manhood and chivalry.
In field, in open battle.
Incomparad, incomparable.
Infuse, infusion.
In gentle thewes, in genteel accomplishments.
In place, used for here, and sometimes for there; in existence.
In round lists, lists encompassed all round.
Inclination, bending downwards.
Incline, bend down.
Inclyning, bowing.
Incontinent, incontinently, instantly.
Indew, to put on, to be clothed with.
Indewd, swallowed and digested, relished.
Indifferent, impartial.
Indigne, unworthy.
Indignifyde, treated disdainfully.
Infamy, slander.
Infant, the prince.
Inferd, brought upon.
Informed, half-formed, imperfect.
Ingate, entrance.
Inholders, inhabitants.
Inly, inwardly, entirely.
Inne, habitation, seat, or recess.
Inquest, quest, or adventure.
Inspyre, breathe, or blow.
Instantly, earnestly.
Intended, stretched out.
Intendiment, intendment, understanding, attention, or thought.
- Interesse*, interest, or right and title to.
Intimate, to partake of mutually.
Intuse, contusion.
Invaide, go into.
Invent, find.
Invented, met with, found.
Invest, to put on as part of a dress.
Jolly, handsome.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jovial, cheerful, joyous.
Jouissance, joy.
Journall, daily.
Jouysaunce, mirth.
Irrenowned, the negation of renowned, disgrace.
- Keepe*, a charge, or flock.
Keight, caught.
Ken, know.
Kene, sharp.
Kerne, a churl, or farmer.
Kest, cast.
Kidst, knowest.
Kind, nature, or sex.
Kirke, church.
Kirtle, a petticoat, or a mantle, or surtout.
Knife, dagger, or poniard, or sword.
Knightless, unknighly.
Kydst, knowest.
Kynd, or *Kynde*, nature.
- Lad*, led.
Lady gent, an accomplished or handsome lady.
Lady thrall, captive lady.
Laire, or *Lare*, a sheltered place where cattle rest or feed.
Lamping, shining.
Lare, see *Laire*.
Last, sometimes for greatest, or best.
Latched, caught.
Late ygoe, lately.
Launce, ballance.
Lay, a lay or lea of land.
Lay-stall, a place to lay dung or rubbish in.
Layes, laws.
Leach, physician.
Leach-crafte, the art of healing, or of physic.
Leake, leaky.
Leare, art, or learning.
Leares, lessons.
Leasing, lying.
Leav'd, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, or dialect.
Lee, the stream.
Leefe, grateful, or dear.
Legierdemayne, slight of hand.
Leke, leaky.
Leman, a sweetheart, a concubine.

GLOSSARY.

- Lars*, a lesson.
Last, listen.
Lat, hindrance, to hinder.
Let be, or *Letibe*, away with, let go, let alone.
Let, to hinder.
Levin, lightning.
Lewd, often used for ignorant.
Lewd word, impudent language.
Lewdly, foolishly, impudently.
Liagore, one of the daughters of Nereus.
Libbard, leopard.
Liese, willing.
Lig, or *Liege*, or *Liggen*, to be.
Light, sometimes for lightly, nimbly.
Like to quell, like to die, or to be starved.
Lilled, lolled.
Lime-hound, a limer, or large dog, used in hunting the wild boar.
Lin, cease, or give over.
Livoden, did live.
Livery and seisin, delivery and possession, a law term.
Lofty siege, lofty seat.
Loos, praise.
Loose, solve, or explain.
Loosely, carelessly.
Lordship, sovereignty.
Lore, left, or lost.
Loring, instruction.
Lorne, left.
Lorrell, a loose contemptible fellow.
Losell, a loose good-for-nothing fellow.
Lo'sse, loosed, dissolved.
Loth, unwilling.
Lover, an opening in a cottage to let out the smoke, and to let in the light.
Loves, sometimes for lovers.
Lout, bowed down, did homage.
Lower, sometimes for low.
Lowted, did honour and reverence.
Lowting low, bowing low.
Lug, a peach or rod for land-measuring, containing sixteen feet and a half.
Luskinessse, sloppishness, inactivity.
Lust, sometimes for will, choice.
Lustihed, jollity.
Lustlesse, languid, or lifeless.
Lusty, lovely, handsome.
Lybicks ocean, the quicksands called the Syrtis.
Lymster, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
Lythe, soft and gentle.
Macerate, tear, distract.
- Mage*, magician.
Mahound, or *Mahoun*, Mahomet.
Make, sometimes to versify, to devise.
Make, a companion.
Making, poetical composition.
Male, sometimes for mail.
Malifices, evil deeds.
Malengin, ill intent.
Malengin, guile.
Malfont, a source of evil words.
Maliced, bore ill-will.
Maligne, grudge or oppose.
Malist, regarded with ill-will.
Mall, a mallet, a blow, to maul.
Many, often used for company.
Mard, threw down.
Marge, brink.
Mark-white, white mark.
Mari, Mars, the god of war.
Martelled, hammered.
Martyrest, doct torment.
Matchless, not paired, or alike.
Mate, sad; *did mate*, did distress, or render sorrowful.
Mathravel, one of the three provinces, into which Wales was divided by Roderic the Great.
Mavis, the cock-thrush, or song-thrush.
Maugre, or *Maulgre*, in spite of, but sometimes used as an imprecation.
Maulgre, whether he would or not.
May, maid, often used for can.
Meane, mien.
Mear'd, divided.
Meare, limit, or boundary.
Measured, travelled.
Medled, mingled.
Medling, mixing.
Meere, absolute, entire.
Meint, mingled.
Medling, meddling.
Memories, sometimes for obsequies for the dead.
Ment, mingled.
Mercifide, pitied.
Merciment, mirth.
Merians, inhabitants of Mercia, one of the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy.
Mery, pleasant, delightful.
Meisprise, contempt, or neglect.
Mes, place of confinement.
Mewer, prisons.
Meynt, mingled.
Mickle, much.
Miro, move.
Might, frequently used for should.
Mincing muneon, affected wanton.
Minime, a little song; *minime*, a term in music.

GLOSSARY.

- Miniments*, toys, trifles.
Minisht, diminished.
Minstrales, minstrels.
Mirke, obscure.
Mirksome, dark.
Mis, err.
Misceance, or *Misceauce*, dis-
 praise, or misbelief.
Misdeme, judge wrongly of.
Miser, a miserable man.
Missayd, spoken otherwise, or the
 contrary.
Mister, manner, kind.
Mistreth not, signifies not.
Miswent, gone astray, wandered.
Mocks and mowes, insults by dis-
 tortions of the face, making
 mouths.
Moist daughters, the Hyades, a
 constellation of seven stars in the
 head of the Bull.
Mold, mole.
Mome, a dull stupid blockhead.
Moment, image, superscription,
 ornament.
More, often used for greatly, greater.
Mores, roots.
Morion, head-piece.
Mortall crime, mortality.
Most, often used for greatest.
Most regiment, chief government.
Mott, ineasured.
Mountenance, amount of.
Mowes, months. See *Mockes*.
Moyle, defile.
Muchell, much.
Munificence, defence or fortifica-
 tion.
Mured, enclosed.
My toward good, my approaching
 happiness.
Mysterie, profession, trade, or call-
 ing.

Namely, particularly.
Narre, nearer.
Nas, nehas, or has not.
Nathemore, not the more.
Native, natural.
Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.
Ne desperate, neither despaired he.
Neighbour town, next town.
Nephewes, used for grandchildren.
Nest, in familiar language for house.
Net, neat, clean.
Nett, pure, clean.
New, sometimes for newly, lately.
New in pound, anew in the balance.
New-borne, regenerated.
Newell, a new thing.
Nigardise, niggardinesse.
Null, will not.
Nis, is not.
- Noblesse*, nobility, or nobleness.
Nonce, occasion.
Northerne Wagoner, Bootes, one of
 the constellations.
Nosethrills, nostrils.
Not, knew not.
Nought seemeth, is unseemly.
Nould, would not.
Noule, noddle.
Noursle up, educate.
Noursled, nursed.
Noyld, annoyed, injured.
Nye, advance.

Obliquid, oblique.
On, sometimes for one.
On high, highly, in high terms.
On hight, aloud.
Onely, sometimes for greatest.
Ordele, ordeal.
Oricalche, a sonorous metal, a
 species of brass.
Overcraw, crow over, or insult.
Overdight, covered over.
Overgrast, overgrown with grass.
Overhaile, draw over.
Overture, an open place.
Overwent, overgone.
Ought, sometimes for owed; no-
 thing, or not at all; owned, or
 had a right to.
Owches, jewels.

Pace, land, country.
Paine, labour, difficulty.
Palmers weed, the dress of palmers,
 or pilgrims.
Panachea, a sovereign remedy.
Pannikell, the brain-pan, the scull,
 crown of the head.
Parbreake, vomit.
Pardale, the panther.
Paravaunt, peradventure.
Paravant, publicly.
Parget, varnish, or plaster.
Part, sometimes for party.
Partake, to share, to make par-
 taker.
Partes entira, partes interiores, the
 inner parts.
Passing prief, passing price, sur-
 passing, extraordinary.
Passion, often used for any com-
 motion of the mind.
Passionate, to express with affec-
 tion.
Passioned, disordered.
Pate, head.
Payne, labour.
Payd, poised.
Peaze, violent blow, stamp, or
 weight.
Peerce, castle, fortified place.

GLOSSARY.

- Peeres*, fellows and companions.
Perdy, an old oath, or expletive.
Peregall, equal.
Persant, piercing.
Persue, pursuit.
Pert, open.
Phantastes, the imagination.
Plight, placed, or fixed.
Pill, to take by extortion.
Places, palaces.
Pled, pleaded.
Plight, *plighted*, folded.
Pointed, appointed.
Poll, synonymous with pill, to take by extortion.
Polygon, a medicinal herb.
Ponke, or *Pouke*, the fairy Robin Goodfellow, known by the name of Puck.
Port, carriage, aspect.
Portance, comportment.
Potshares, potshards.
Pouke, see *Ponke*.
Pouldred, beaten to dust.
Pouse, pease.
Practice paine, practice and endeavour.
Prank, a mode of dressing the ruff.
Pranke, an injury, or mischief.
Pray, sometimes for a beast of prey.
Prayde, preyed upon.
Peace, press or crowd.
Preeving, proving, proof.
Preif, proof.
Pseudize, a conjecture, or judgment.
Prepense, to consider.
Prestage, to point out with the hand.
Preident, often for precedent.
Prest, ready at hand, quick.
Pretended, held forth to view, stretched out.
Preventing, coming before.
Price, sometimes as a verb, to pay the price.
Pricking, spurring.
Prieve, prove; *prieved*, proved.
Prime, morning, sometimes the spring, or prime of the Moon.
Principle unsound, bad beginning.
Privie, secret.
Professe, to have the appearance of.
Project, throw.
Protense, stretching out, entent.
Prouest, bravest.
Prune, to smooth or set in order.
Pryse, to pay the price of.
Purpose, sometimes for conversation.
Purchas, sometimes for robbery.
Purposes, discourses.
Pyonings, works of pioneers.
- Quaile*, to quell, or subdue.
Quaint, nice, or shy.
Quar'le, quarrell.
Quarrey, game or prey, a term in falconry.
Quart, division, the fourth part.
Quayd, quailed, or subdued.
Queen, sometimes for quean, a term of reproach.
Queint, quenched, extinguished, sometimes strange, odd.
Queint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen, motley.
Queine, please.
Quest, a romance, an expedition, or adventure.
Quick, to stir.
Quight, to release, or disengage.
Quip, to sneer at, or insult.
Quips, sneers, or taunts.
Quire, company.
Quite clame, release and quit, law phrase.
Quited, requited.
Quooke, quaked.
Rablement, a crowd, or rabble.
Rafte, bereft, deprived.
Raile, flow.
Raine, reign, region.
Rakshell, rascal.
Randon, random.
Ranke, fiercely.
Rapt, in a rapture.
Rashly, at a venture, inconsiderately.
Raskall many, the rascality.
Raskall routs, the lowest mobs.
Rate, sometimes for manner.
Rathe, early.
Rather lambs, lambs ewed in the beginning of the year.
Raught, reached.
Rawran, a hill in Merionethshire.
Ray, defile, array or ornament, order.
Rayle, to flow, to trickle down.
Rayne, realm or region, empire.
Rayons, beames, or rays.
Recoyle, retire, come back.
Recreant, one who yields, a coward or traitor.
Recuile, or *Recule*, to retreat, retire.
Recure, recover, regain.
Recured, recovered.
Rad, esteemed, considered as.
Redress, put together.
Reede, precept or advice.
Regiments, governments.
Relate, to bring back.
Relent, slacken, or remit, soften; sometimes for stopping, or to stay, abate.

GLOSSARY.

- Relide*, joined himself.
Reliv'd, brought to life again, re-animated.
Reliv'd, brought to life again.
Remercied, thanked.
Renconuer, an accidental combat or adventure.
Renew, to tell from the beginning.
Renferst, reinforced.
Renforst, reinforced.
Renowned, renowned.
Renverst, reversed.
Replevie, restore.
Reprife, reproof; *retrieved*, re-proved.
Reprise, to take again.
Revised, had possession again.
Resemblances, comparisons, or favours.
Resiant, resident.
Resolv'd, dissolved, or laid at ease.
Restless, sometimes for unceasing, and for resistless.
Restore, sometimes as a substantive for restoration or restitution.
Retrait, picture, portrait.
Retyre, retirement.
Reverse, to cause to return.
Revert, return.
Revest, clothe again.
Revolt, to roll back.
Rew, row.
Ribaudrie, ribaldry, obscenity.
Rid, red, rad, be spoken of, or declared.
Right, as an adverb, directly.
Ring, encircle.
Rivage, the shore.
Rive, for riven, torn.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Rood, the cross or crucifix.
Rosiers, rose-tree.
Roze, probably the psaltery, a musical instrument.
Rovde, roved.
Roved, shot with the rover, a species of arrow.
Rout, a company.
Round, a kind of dance.
Roundd, whispered.
Royn, growl.
Ruddock, robin red breast.
Ruffed, ruffled, disordered.
Ruffin, reddish, ruffian-like.
Ruinade, to fall, brought to ruin, thrown down.
Rulesse, lawless.
Rybauld, scoundrel, ruffian.
Ryven, torn, plucked.

Sacred, sometimes for enchanted.
Sacred ashes, ashes prostituted to impious rites, cursed.

Sad, grave of countenance or attire, heavy.
Sailes, often used for wings.
Saine, say.
Salud, saluted.
Salaunce, assault, or sally.
Salied, leaped.
Salvagesse sans finesse, wildness without art.
Salved, saluted.
Sam, together.
Samite, a half-silk stuff, glossy like satin.
Sardonian smile, a distorted kind of laugh, said to be produced by certain herbs growing in Sardinia.
Saw, sentence, decree.
Say, or *Sey*, a thin sort of stuff.
Say, sometimes for assay, proof.
Scand, climbed up.
Scarabee, beetle.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scath, damage, hurt.
Scatterlings, scattered or dispersed rovers.
Scerne, discern.
Scorse, exchange.
Sciens, screen.
Scrike, shriek.
Scruze, squeeze; *scruwd*, squeezed or pressed out.
Scryde, descried.
Scryne, an escritoir, desk.
Sdayned, dislained.
Sea-bord, sea-bordering.
See, seat, sometimes used for sea.
Seemlesse, unseemly.
Seemlyhed, seemly, decent appearance.
Seised, possessed.
Seis'd, fixed; *seising*, fixing.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Selinis, or *Selinus*, a town in Cilicia.
Sell, saddle.
Seneschall, household steward, the master of the ceremonies.
Senseful, sensible.
Sent, sometimes for scent, sensation, perception.
Sere, withered.
Serve to, serve.
Severall, severally, asunder.
Sew, pursue, follow.
Sewde, pursued.
Shame, sometimes for be ashamed.
Shamefastness, shamefacedness.
Shapt, shaped.
Sheene, shining, fair.
Shend, put to shame.
Shene, fair and shining.
Shens, reproached, blamed.
Shere, transparent, clear.

GLOSSARY.

- Sheres*, cuts, divides.
Shole, shallow.
Shope, shaped, framed.
Shrifts, confessions.
Shright, *shrightes*, shriek, shrieks.
Shrill, to sound shrilly.
Shyne, light.
Shyned, shone.
Sib, or *Sibbe*, related to, akin.
Sicker, sure, secure.
Sides, loins.
Siege, seat.
Sight, sighed.
Sight, sometimes for opinion.
Signe, the word, used in military affairs.
Sike mister men, such kind of men.
Sicker, sure, secure.
Silent waves, still, quiet waves.
Silly, for *seely*, hairless, innocent.
Silver sleeps, quiet sleep.
Sin, often for since.
Singulfes, convulsive sobs or sighs.
Sith, time, times.
Sits, is becoming.
Sleeping fame, fame of a person now dead.
Slight, art.
Sly, finely wrought.
Snar, snarl.
Snarled, entangled.
Snebba, chide or revile.
So goodly scope, so fair a prospect.
Sodaine, sudden.
Sold to entertaine, to receive her pay.
Somedeale, somewhat, in some degree.
Soote, sweet.
Soothlich, soothly, truly.
Sor'd, hurt, made sore.
Sort, company.
Sovenance, or *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.
Source, at, like a hawk at his prey.
Source, source, original.
Sound, to sound, or try.
Soyle, the soil, sometimes the prey.
Space, to walk about, or roam about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sparre the yate, shut the door.
Speckled, spotted, infamous, scandalous.
Spell, a verse, or charm.
Sperre, to fasten.
Spersed, dispersed, scattered.
Sperst, dispersed.
Spilt, inlaid.
Sprent, sprinkled, or spread over.
Spring, or *Springal*, a young person.
Springals, young men.
Spyles, spies.
Spyre, shoot forth.
- Squib*, any petty fellow.
Squint eye, partial judgment.
Squire, for square, rule.
Stadle, support.
Stal'd, stolen.
Stales, devices, tricks.
Stanck, weary or faint.
State, stoutly.
States, state-canopies or pavilions.
Stay, stop or catch.
Sted, station or place.
Steme, exhale or evaporate.
Stemme, stem or stay.
Stent, stint, restrain.
Sterne, tail.
Sterne, starve.
Steven, noise.
Stie, ascend.
Stild, dropped.
Strayt, street.
Stinted, left off.
Stire, stir, move, incite.
Stole, a long robe, or garment, reaching to the ankles.
Stounds, times or occasions, fits.
Stoure, a fit.
Stowre, danger, or misfortune.
Straine, race, lineage.
Streame, send forth.
Streight behight, strictly commanded.
Strene, descent, race.
Stresse, distress.
Stricken, wounded.
Strong, sometimes for strung.
Stryfull, strife-full, contentious.
Strudde, stock or trunk.
Sty, or *Stye*, to soar or ascend.
Subject plaine, plain beneath.
Sublime, used sometimes for haughtiness.
Succeed, approach.
Sudden, quick, ready.
Suff'raunce, forbearance, want of being taken care of.
Suppress, kept under.
Surbet, wearied, or bruised.
Surprise, to seize.
Surquedrie, or *Surquedry*, pride, presumption.
Swarved, moved out of place.
Sweat and swinke, laboured hard.
Sweet teane, pleasing uneasiness.
Swelt, swooned.
Swinck, labour.
Swinged, for singed.
Sybbe, related, akin.
Syte, situation.
- Table*, a picture or board on which pictures were painted.
Takest keepe, takest care.
Tapet, worked or figured stuff.

GLOSSARY.

- Tassel gent*, a gentle tiercel, the male of the goss-hawk.
Teade, torch.
Teemed, joined together in a team.
Teene, sorrow, vexation, grief; sometimes to afford, or stir up.
Teld, for told.
Tempereth, governs.
Tempest dred, dreadful tempest.
Termlesse, unlimited.
Terror, sometimes for religious awe.
Than, sometimes for then.
The grosse, the whole.
Thee, thrive, prosper.
Thewed ill, ill-bred, ill-mannered.
Thewes, manners, accomplishments.
Thick, or *Thicke*, thicker.
Tho, used for then.
Thrall, thrill, pierce.
Treasure, treasure.
Three square, triangular.
Thrillant, piercing.
Thrilled, pierced.
Thrilling, piercing.
Thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.
Thrist, thirst.
Thro, sometimes for throw, agony.
Throw, a short space, a little while.
Thrust, thirst; *thrustiness*, the same.
Thryse, a third part.
Thunder-light, lightning.
Tickle, uncertain.
Tide, tied.
Tight, tied.
Timely, according to proper time and measure.
Tinct, dyed or stained.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tine, inflame, rage.
To-dashed, much bruised.
To-fere, together.
To-mirke, very obscure, or dark.
To-rent, entirely rent.
Todde, bush.
To-fore, before.
Tong, tongue.
Tooting, looking about.
Tort, or *Torte*, injury, wrong.
Tortious, injurious.
Tottic, or *Totty*, wavering.
Trade, tread, footsteps.
Traine, tail; sometimes deceit.
Tramels, woven or plaited divisions.
Transmewd, changed, transformed.
Trast, traced.
Travel'd, laboured, endeavoured.
Trachetours, traitors.
Treachours, traitors.
Treagus, a truce or cessation of arms.
Trenchand, cutting.
- Trentals*, a popish service of thirty masses.
Tressed, withered and curled.
Troad, treading, footsteps, path.
Trode, tread, or path.
Trow, believe, think.
Trunked, maimed, deprived of the head.
Trye, tried, refined.
Twight, twit, upbraid.
Tydes, seasons.
Tynde, kindled or lighted.
Tyned, lost, died.
Tyranne, tyrant.
Tyranning, acting the part of a tyrant.
Vade, vanish.
Vailed, pulled off, laid down.
Vaine, idle.
Valow, valne, sometimes valour.
Valiaunce, valour.
Varlet, page or squire.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vayne, useless.
Vele, veil.
Vellenage, servitude.
Vellet, velvet.
Venery, hunting.
Vented up, gave vent to, or lifted up.
Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.
Vertus, efficacy.
Vertuous pray, virtuous recompense.
Vetchie, of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Vine-propp elme, the elm that props up the vine.
Virelayes, a light kind of song.
Virginal, belonging to, or becoming a virgin.
Vismie, countenance.
Umbriere, the visor of a helmet.
Unacquainted, unusual.
Unbid, without saying his prayers.
Uncouth, unknown, unusual.
Undersong, to take in, entrap.
Undertake, to hear, or understand.
Undertime, underntye, the afternoon, toward the evening.
Uneath, scarcely; sometimes for underneath.
Uneven payre, unsuitably matched.
Unhappie paine, unsuccessful endeavours.
Unhappy howe, misfortune.
Unheale, uncover, expose to view.
Unhele, uncover.
Unherst, taken from the herse.
Unkempt, unpolished.
Unkinde, unnatural.
Unlast, unlaced.

GLOSSARY.

Unnetthes, scarcely.
Unproved, untried.
Unprovided scath, unforeseen mischief.
Unreproved truth, sincerity.
Unshed, for shed or scattered.
Unshrifty scath, indiscreet mischief.
Until, unto.
Unvalued, invaluable.
Unwary, unexpected.
Unwist, unknown.
Upbrayes, upbraidings.
Uphild, upheld.
Upstaring, high advanced.
Upstart, upstarted.
Urchins, hedge hogs.
Usage quaint, odd behaviour.

Wacht, watched.
Wae, woe.
Wage, to carry on, to pledge.
Wagmoires, quagmires.
Ward, the guards or garrison, the porter.
Ware, cautious.
Warelesse, not aware.
War-hable, fit for war.
Warie, sometimes for weary.
Warks, work.
Warrayd, made war upon.
Warr, worse.
Warrs old, worse being old.
Watchet, blue colour.
Waves, waves.
Way, esteem.
Way'd, journied.
Wayment, bewail, lament.
Weanell waste, a weaned youngling.
Weaved, waved, floated.
Weed, raiment.
Weet, wet.
Wetelesse, not understood.
Wefte, waved, avoided, removed; a stray or wanderer.
Weld, wield.
Wele, or *Wo*, prosperity, or misfortune.
Welked, shortened, or impaired.
Welkin, the sky.
Well, welfare, to flow.
Well apayd, well satisfied.
Well avising, looking upon with attention.
Well thewed, full of moral wisdom.
Wallow, wallow.
Wend, weened, thought.
Went, way or path, turnings and windings.
West, set in the west.

What, fare, things, affairs.
Whelky, wreathed, or twisted as the whelk, or rounded, embossed.
Whether, sometimes for whither.
Whilome, once, sometime.
Whist, hushed, silenced.
Whott, hot.
Wight, quick or active; *wightly*, quickly, suddenly.
Wil'd a capias, ordered a writ.
Wimble, nimble.
Wimple, a sort of hood.
Wimpled, plaited, covered.
Win, overtake.
Wisards, wise men.
Wisely, considerably.
Wite, or *Witen*, blame.
Wite the witelesse, blame the blameless.
With small force, finally.
Without entrails, twisted.
Wo worth, cursed.
Woe, sad.
Won, for wont, used.
Wonne, conquered; a habitation, or to inhabit.
Wunned, haunted.
Wont, used.
Wood, mad.
Woon, dwell.
Word, motto.
Wowed, wooed.
Wracke, ruin, or violence.
Wrapt, entangled, encumbered.
Wreaked, cared, or reckoned.
Wroken, revenged.
Wyde, void.
Wyte, or *Wyten*, reprov'd, or blamed.

Yate, gate.
Ydly, idly.
Yeada, go.
Yearne, earn, gain, procure.
Yede, go.
Yfers, in company together.
Yirks, jerks, or lashes.
Ylke, the same.
Ympt, a term in falconry, to join to, or add.
Yode, went.
Yold, yielded, gave way.
Yond, furious, extravagant.
Yongth, or *Youngth*, youth.
Ypight, placed.
Yrkes, vexes, grieves.
Ysame, together, gathered.
Ywis, certainly, or truly.









